HYMNS

Compoſed on

Several Subjects,

And on

DIVERS OCCASIONS:

In FIVE PARTS.

WITH

A TABLE to each Part.

By R. DAVIS, *Miniſter of the Goſpel at* Rothwell, *in* Northamptonſhire.

The SEVENTH EDITION, *Corrected*,
With a RECOMMENDATORY PREFACE,
by *JOHN GILL*, D.D.

Some of the HYMNS *compoſed by other Hands.*

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The PREFACE.

AS I had the Honour in my Youth of knowing the worthy Author of the following Hymns, being born and brought up within a very few miles of the place † where he ſtatedly miniſtred, I was the rather inclined at requeſt to write a Preface to them. His memory has been always precious to me, partly on account of his great regard both for my Education, for which he was heartily concerned, and alſo for my ſpiritual and eternal welfare. I well remember, though very young, that having diſcovered ſome eager deſire after ſome part of literature, he thought fit to ſuggeſt to me what was more valuable, by repeating the following diſtich,*

Si Chriſtum bene ſcis, ſatis eſt, ſi cætera neſcis,
Si Chriſtum neſcis, nihil eſt, ſi cætera diſcis.

"If you know Chriſt well, it is no matter, though you "are ignorant of many other things; if you are ignorant "of Chriſt, other knowledge will avail but little;" and chiefly on account of his very powerful and evangelical Miniſtrations. He was a very lively, warm and zealous Preacher of the Goſpel; his light in it was very uncommon, clear and diſtinct, which he communicated and diffuſed not only in the place and county in which he lived, but in ſeveral adjacent counties, being indefatigable in preaching the word in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon;

* At Kettering in Northamptonſhire. † Rowel, alias Rothwell, in the ſame County.

in which he was greatly ſucceeded to the converſion of many, and to the ſpreading of Goſpel-light in ſeveral parts, which in ſome meaſure ſtill continues. He was a Boanerges, *a ſon of thunder, when he delivered out the law in its proper place and manner; and a* Barnabas, *a ſon of conſolation to diſtreſs'd ſinners, and drooping ſaints: his great uſefulneſs raiſed him many enemies; never was any man more traduced, reproached and calumniated; and never did any leſs deſerve it, being eminent for humility, piety, and an unblemiſhed life and converſation; tho' his principles were charged as* [illegible] *and loaded with the odious name of* Antinomianiſm.

The great ſenſe he had of the everlaſting and unchangeable love of God the Father in eternal election, in the covenant of grace, and in the miſſion of his Son; the high eſteem he had for the perſon and offices of Chriſt; his ſtrict regard to the honour of the Holy Spirit, and to his operations of grace upon the heart; and his zeal for the glory of the three divine perſons, and for the good of immortal ſouls, are eaſily diſcerned in the following Hymns; which tho' they may be thought, by nice and critical judges, to be deſtitute of thoſe poetical flights and beauties which adorn and recommend verſe to men of polite taſte; yet theſe ſuppoſed deficiencies are abundantly made up to thoſe who have taſted that the Lord is gracious, by that ſpiritual devotion and affection, and by thoſe Gleams of Goſpel-light which appear throughout the whole.

And tho' I have, ſome years ago * *declared my ſentiments, that the pſalms of* David *are moſt fit and proper to be ſung in the churches of Chriſt; yet I never denied, nor do I deny, that Hymns and ſpiritual Songs, compoſed by good men, tho' without the inſpiration of God, may be made uſe of, and be uſeful, provided*

* In a Diſcourſe on ſinging of Pſalms, from 1 Cor. xiv. 15. publiſhed in 1734.

vided that they are agreeable to the ſacred writings, and the analogy of faith; and eſpecially ſuch as are written in an evangelic Strain, as the following Hymns are.

I have only one thing more to obſerve, that whereas the phraſe of offering Chriſt and Grace, *is ſometimes uſed in theſe Hymns, which may be offenſive to ſome perſons; and which the worthy Author was led to the uſe of, partly thro' cuſtom, it not having been at the writing of them objected to, and partly thro' his affectionate concern and zeal for gaining upon ſouls, and encouraging them to come to Chriſt; I can affirm upon good and ſufficient Teſtimony, that Mr. Davis, before his death, changed his mind in this matter, and diſuſed the phraſe, as being improper, and as being too bold and free, for a miniſter of Chriſt to make uſe of; and tho' I have not thought fit to alter any words and phraſes in the reviſe of theſe Hymns, yet in the uſe of them in publick ſervice, thoſe who think proper, may ſubſtitute another phraſe in its room more eligible. I earneſtly deſire, that the Divine Spirit would make the reading and ſinging of theſe Hymns, of uſe to the magnifying of the free grace of God, to the Exaltation of Chriſt, to the debaſing of the creature, and to the comfort and refreſhment of the Lord's people, as they often have been; and for theſe ends and purpoſes, I do heartily recommend them to every lover of Chriſt and his goſpel, who profeſs myſelf to be of that number, and eſteem it my greateſt honour, to be reckoned one of them.*

John Gill.

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Select

Select HYMNS.

BOOK I.

HYMN I.

CHRIST is our Holineſs and Peace,
Chriſt is our Righteouſneſs;
riſt is our Huſband, Brother, Friend,
our Life, our Head, our Dreſs.
Chriſt our Redemption, and our Hope,
Salvation, Glory, Reſt;
him we're righteous, clean and ſtrong,
in *him* we're fully bleſt.
Chriſt is our Wiſdom, Riches, Strength;
ſo is, and was, and ſhall
r ever be unto his own;
thus *Chriſt* is All in All!
In *him* we've Righteouſneſs and Strength;
in *him* we've Peace and Grace;
him true Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth
diſcover'd in his Face.
Tho' we be *poor*, in him we're *rich*,
tho' *weak*, in him we're *ſtrong*;
hen with'ring, in this *green Fir-tree*
we flouriſh'd all along.
Let's ſtill admire and him adore,
who always is the Same;

Let's magnify his glorious Grace,
and praise his mighty Name.

HYMN II.

1. THE Soul that sees in *Jesus Christ*
a lovely Pretiousness,
And does behold a Glory in
his spotless *Righteousness*;
2. Sees his own *Doings* will not do,
counts them but Loss and Sin;
This Soul hath ventur'd upon *Christ*,
and doth *believe* on him.
3. The Souls that with Delight do view
the *Righteousness* of Christ,
Are taken with so suitable,
and with so great a *Priest*;
4. Are glad that such a *Saviour* is
poor Sinners for to *save*,
Tho' not for them; yet the *true* Faith
that works by Love they have.
5. Question not, doubting, trembling Soul
thy *Faith*, but still believe;
Behold a *Christ*, lean on a *Christ*,
an offer'd *Christ* receive;
6. And pour forth Praises to thy *Christ*,
that thee this Faith hath given:
Go on believing, pressing still
'till thou art got to Heaven.

HYMN III.

1. O! Was it ever known before,
the *King*'s own *Son* ſhould crowned be
On purpoſe for to intercede
for a rebellious Enemy!
2. Thus our *dear Jeſus* ſeiz'd his Throne,
put on his Grandeur and his State,
Sat on th' right Hand of *Majeſty*,
that he might be our Advocate.
3. The World can never inſtance this,
That *Kings* ſhould *Beggars* Cauſe ſo own,
As that to think to ſerve them, is
beyond the Pleaſures of a *Crown*.
4. Our deareſt Advocate thinks this,
the chiefeſt Sum of his Renown,
To ſerve his Children now above,
the brighteſt *Jewel* of his Crown.
5. To him are Honour, Glory, Praiſe,
Obedience, Love and Service due,
The all-prevailing Advocate,
The faithful Witneſs, and the true.

HYMN IV.

1. WHY are ye caſt down, *Princely Ones*,
ye *Royal Seed* of God?
What'ere's your Frame, your *Chriſt*'s the ſame:
there's *Honey* on his Rod.
2. He bids you ever to rejoice;
again he ſays, Rejoice:
Whate're ſay Law, Sin, Satan, this
is your *Beloved*'s Voice.

3. Why ſhould you be diſcourag'd? You,
O *Heirs* of free rich Grace!
For goodly is your *Heritage*,
and pleaſant is your Place.

4. Whate're Diſcouragements object,
our *Chriſt* can anſwer all;
His Arm is ready to lift up,
when we're about to fall.

5. Do we draw back from God, becauſe
we're filthy and unclean?
He cloaths us with his *ſhining Robes*;
let's on with Boldneſs then.

6. Are we afraid his *Heart* is chang'd?
No; let us have no Dread;
His Heart *runs o're* with Grace and Love,
as much as e're it did.

7. Let's ſend up Praiſes unto him;
let us his Name extol:
His Mercy was from ever ſure,
and ſo it ever ſhall.

HYMN V.

1. WHAT free, rich Grace, unmix'd and [pure
the *Goſpel* do's proclaim!
Moſes with all his various Rites,
could never ſpeak ſo plain.

2. Come Saints, come alſo Sinners, taſte
this *Water*, *Milk* and *Wine*;
Wine without Dregs, that of the Lees
our Lord did well refine.

3. Here's *Pardon* without Wrath at all;
white *Garments* without Stain;

Conſcience-peace made ſure and ſtrong,
an *Eaſe* that's free from Pain.
A perfect *Conſcience-liberty*,
that has no *Yoke* at all;
For whom the *Son* makes free, are free,
and ought to know no Thrall.
Our *Jeſus* ſuffer'd once for all,
and he obtain'd thereby,
ardons eternal, infinite,
and perfect Liberty.
And then he entred once for all,
(not without *Blood*) above;
is ſprinkled Blood on th' *Mercy-ſeat*
that ever pleads for Love;
For boundleſs Love, for Goodneſs, Peace,
for never-ceaſing Grace:
od's reconcil'd within our Souls,
it cries and cries apace.

HYMN VI.

INTO what Pitch of Glory we,
in *Jeſus* mounted are!
r above that (had *Adam* ſtood)
which ſhould have been our ſhare.
Faith do's diſcloſe ſuch Myſteries,
as *Adam* ne'r did ſee;
ngels now ſtoop themſelves, to pry
into this Myſtery.
In *Chriſt*, what boundleſs Grace and Love?
what Glory, Peace, and Hope?
e Fountains of the *Deep* break up
and Heaven's Windows ope.

4. What great *Salvation*, then is this
the *Goſpel* brings to Light!
If ſo aſtoniſhing to Faith,
what will it be to Sight!
5. Come *Saints*, admire, adore, ſet forth
in Songs and Hymns this Grace:
Down, down with every *Idol* Self,
that ſteps up in its Place.
6. *Sinners*, this Grace is tendred to
the *vileſt* of you all:
Come Sinners, come, accept this Grace,
the *Goſpel* gives a Call.
7. Stand not for to diſpute, and die;
free offered Grace receive;
Such Love embrace, accept ſuch Grace:
O do this Grace believe!

HYMN VII.

1. COme let's return unto the Lord,
who lov'd & waſh'd us with his Blood
Let's turn to him; becauſe he hath
declar'd to us that he is good.
2. O what a hateful thing is Sin,
againſt a God of boundleſs Grace!
That thus *affronts* the God of Love,
and *ſpits* in the Redeemer's *Face*.
3. What Heart of Stone would not be brok
to ſee our *Jeſus* pierc'd by us;
And that theſe Murtherers, our *Sins*,
ſhould wound and tear our *Saviour* thus
4. What Face Confuſion will not ſpread!
what Soul would not itſelf abaſe,

To see that Jesus loved him
in such a wretched, sinful Case!
3. He lov'd us first, O let us love!
let Love constrain us to obey;
Such a good Master who'd not serve;
yea love and honour him alway?
4. Come Sinners, taste the Grace of God,
that's offer'd freely unto you:
Come and accept of Christ, and then
all your Repentance will be true.
5. Take Christ for Saviour, Life and Strength,
your Service then won't be in vain;
Come rest you in the Love of Christ,
you'll mourn then in a Gospel-strain.
6. Glory and Honour, lasting Praise
be to our dearest Jesus given:
Let's here then praise his Name always,
till swallow'd in that Work in Heaven.

HYMN VIII.

O What a glorious Light is this,
the Gospel-day does bring to us!
What wondrous *Grace* of God in Christ
does *Faith* reveal to Sinners thus?
2. Both Life and Immortality
are by the *Gospel* brought to Light:
The fair bright Day of Truth appears
beyond what *Moses* spake by Rite.
3. How do's the God of Love and Grace
appear *our* Father and *our* Lord?
How does the *Gospel* this declare
in *Jesus* Name, and in his Word?

4. The Lord, the *Spirit*, does reveal
this Truth to our dark Conſciences;
By pouring in Chriſt's *pard'ning* Blood
within, he manifeſteth this.
5. The Goſpel that ran free at firſt,
hath ſince been ſeal'd with many Seals,
But *Judah*'s Lion hath prevail'd
to open them, and he reveals:
6. They ſhall be opened all at laſt;
the *Lamb* will now a *Lion* be;
O glorious *Lamb* and *Lion* too!
all Praiſe and Honour be to thee.

HYMN IX.

1. OUR Lips let's move for Songs of Love,
to praiſe *electing* Love;
Send down to our Aſſiſtance, Lord,
the *Spirit* from above.
2. Eternal Grace in *Jeſus'* Face,
that ſhines to's Bride and Wife,
That ſtill to bleſs thro' Righteouſneſs,
reigns to Eternal Life.
3. In Praiſes high let's magnify,
adoring bow thereto!
O *Grace!* free Grace! O glorious Grace,
that reſcu'd us from Woe.
4. When *God* reſolv'd that *Grace* ſhould ſave,
a *Law* of Life came in,
That at the Breaches of this Law,
Grace deluge might o'er Sin.
5. And why muſt *Sin* then enter in?
that Grace might overflow:

Since

Since *Mounts* of Sin can't bound it in,
Grace boundleſs is we know.
6. Law, Death, Sin, Hell brought to the [Field,
the Strength of *Grace* to try;
Grace gives a Fall unto them all,
and wins the Victory.
7. All to atteſt and manifeſt
th' Omnipotence of *Grace*,
And that it is unchangeable,
nothing can it efface.
8. That we might ſee its Sov'reignty,
Sin's ſuffered firſt alone,
T'extend its *Empire* far and wide,
and fortify its Throne.
9. That as *Sin* reigned unto *Death*,
ſo *Grace* might weild the Sword;
And reign to *Life* thro' Righteouſneſs
in *Jeſus Chriſt* our Lord.

HYMN X.

1. WHEN captive *Slaves* to Sin and [Death,
a *dying Jeſus* ſet us free;
Rais'd from a *Dungeon* to a *Throne*:
O glorious Goal-delivery!
2. That worſt of *Rebels* may not be
for ever ruin'd and undone,
The injur'd *King* to Juſtice does
deliver up his *only Son*.
3. That the *Offender* at the Bar
might ſtand acquit, the *Judge* doth die;
Condemns himſelf to Bands and Chains,
to ſet the *Wretch* at Liberty.

4. Astonish'd be the Heav'ns above!
confounded be the Earth below!
Here's Love and Grace for to amaze,
not to o're-do, but overflow.
5. Poor Sinners, come believe this Grace,
come venture on't, and you shall be,
By reigning Grace from reigning Sin,
freed in our Lord as well as we.
6. Accept you of our *Jesus Christ*,
and with him you'll have all his Grace:
To Day he calls, *to Day* come all,
there's left for you both Room and Place.
7. Who would of *Fetters* then be fond,
if they this Moment might be *free?*
O! therefore harden not your Hearts,
who now are call'd to Liberty.
8. But, now, ev'n now obey the Call,
that you and we might Christ adore;
Sound far and wide his Praises high
to whom they're due for evermore.

HYMN XI.

1. OUR Father from *Eternity*
look'd on us in our Sin;
Then view'd a bleeding righteous *Christ*,
and *us* compleat in *him.*
2. He then with God the Son agreed,
th' *Obedience* of the Son,
Imputed be to the *Elect*;
then 'twas agreed and done.
3. O wondrous Love and Grace indeed!
that from *Eternity*

Should be employ'd to make us pure,
and abſolutely free!
4. With this *imputed Righteouſneſs*
for ever cloath'd upon,
Than *Angels* far accepted more
to God upon the Throne.
5. Which never changes with *our* Frames,
no, nor *our* Holineſs:
Not Sin, nor Guilt, not Death, nor World,
can touch or move *this* Dreſs.
6. Let's his immortal Honour ſing,
who wrought this out for us;
In Praiſes, yea in living Praiſe,
extol his *Garments* thus.

HYMN XII.

1. SOuls muſt *believe* and *come* to *Chriſt*,
or die for Breach of Laws:
And yet there is no *Soul* can come
but whom the *Father* draws.
2. Uniting Faith's a pow'rful Light
revealing *Chriſt* within,
And in diſcov'ring Pardon does
deſtroy the Reign of *Sin*.
3. In ſhewing to the Soul, that *Sin*
and *Self* have cover'd o're;
It turns the *Soul* from *Self* and *Sin*
our *Jeſus* to adore.
4. It is a great creating Light,
gives Light where there was none;
In a dark Heart its Beams diſplays,
ſoftens a Heart of *Stone*.

5. 'Tis

5. 'Tis the same Power wrought in Christ,
when rais'd up from the Dead,
And over Principalities,
and Powers set him *Head*.
6. Let's look to him, and praise him too;
Jesus above that hath
This Power to give, the *Author* is
and *Finisher* of Faith.

HYMN XIII.

1. A Bleeding *Jesus* testify'd
this with his latest Breath,
That he had Conquest finished
o'er *Sin*, o'er *Hell*, o'er Death.
2. *'Tis finished*, O this joyful Sound
Rings thro' the Heavens above!
God and good Angels do rejoice;
O here is wondrous Love!
3. *'Tis finish'd*; cries our *bleeding* Lord,
I have receiv'd the Blow
For mine; let *Justice* sheath his Sword,
and Father, let *them* go.
4. Father, *it's finish'd*; I have made
full End of *Sin* for them:
My Righteousness does make *them* just
who is't that dare condemn!
5. *'Tis finish'd!* This, through all the Earth,
to *Sinners* gives a Call:
All Things are ready; Sinners, come
unto this Marriage, all.
6. *'Tis finish'd!* O how pleasant is
to *guilty* Souls this Sound?

It

It does bind up the broken Bones,
and heals each deadly Wound.

7. *'Tis finiſh'd!* Don't your Souls, O Saints,
leap at this pleaſant Voice?
For your *Redemption's* now compleat,
for evermore rejoice.

8. O but it has a Sound of Dread,
to all the *Damn'd* below!
Love, Mercy, Grace, are finiſhed,
but not a Drop for you.

9. You *Devils*, for you I've not bled,
and *Sinners* you defy'd
My *Blood*, and have my *Perſon* ſcorn'd;
now you ſhall be deny'd.

10. To him that waſh'd us with his *Blood*
eternal Praiſe be given,
From all the Saints that are on Earth,
and all the Saints in Heaven.

HYMN XIV.

1. O Wondrous God-like *Righteouſneſs!*
'tis tinctur'd with the Godhead thro';
The bright Perfections of a God
do over all this *Garment* flow.

2. The Tongues of glorious Saints above,
and Angels Voices, can't expreſs
The beauteous ſhining Glory of
this *everlaſting Righteouſneſs.*

3. It is *Almighty* in itſelf,
and of *almighty Vertue* too;
And all Things both in Heaven and Earth,
it can, and will, and does ſubdue.

4. 'Tis

4. 'Tis *all-ſufficient*, it can give
whate're poor Sinners want, or crave;
It giveth all things to the Poor,
and doth unto the utmoſt ſave.
5. It never changes, tho' we may;
it ſhall on Saints out-ſhine the *Sun*;
Nothing in us can alter this,
nor now, nor when our Life is done.
6. Let us, that made are *Prieſts* to God,
clad in this white and ſhining Dreſs,
Still ſend our Shoutings up of Praiſe
unto the *Lord our Righteouſneſs*.

HYMN XV.

1. WE *black*, but *comely* are, O Men,
black in ourſelves, *comely* in him,
Who is the Lord our *Righteouſneſs*,
pronounced *clean*, tho' we have Sin.
2. O! what a *Righteouſneſs* is this,
that hath *Jehovah* for its Name!
And is our Righteouſneſs and his,
in Name and Self the very ſame!
3. Our ſelves are poor, we nothing have,
and yet we all Things do poſſeſs:
We only glory in the Lord,
e'en in the Lord our *Righteouſneſs*.
4. We in ourſelves the Sentence have
of Death, but our dear Saviour bled;
Our Confidence we put in him,
who rais'd up *Jeſus* from the Dead.
5. We are pronounc'd all over *clean*;
the Plague of Leproſy is gone;

Our

Our great *High-Priest* hath this pronounc'd,
we're without *Guilt* before the Throne.
6. Lord give us mighty Faith in this,
and we shall mighty Foes subdue;
Our Faith's (like *Sampson*'s Hairs) our Strength
by which we *Bars* and *Gates* break thro'.
7. Let's Honour, Glory, Power give,
and *Hallelujah* to him sing,
Who is the Bright and *Morning-star*,
the awful, great, immortal King.

HYMN XVI.

1. IF greatest *Price* can purchase Peace,
Believer, ben't afraid,
To buy for thee his Father's Peace,
Christ hath the Ranfom paid.
2. If Strength and Power can prevail
to rescue thee from Thrall;
Chear up, for thy *Redeemer*'s strong,
the Sov'reign Lord of all.
3. If the prevailing Prayer of
a powerful Favourite,
Can for thee any *Grace* procure,
then fear thou not thy *Right*.
4. Peace, Pardon, Life, and Glory too,
are without question thine:
His Intercession, Death and Power,
do all for thee combine.
5. For *Christ* thou hast, and thou hast *all*,
and *Glory* thou shalt have:
He who e're lives to intercede,
can to the utmost save.

6. Now

6. Now Thanks let's give to him that lives
to intercede above
And let us to his Glory live,
thro' Patience, Faith, and Love.

HYMN XVII.

1. THE Heart of Christ in Heaven now
is stor'd with *Grace* and *Love*;
His *Bowels* towards *Sinners* now
with strong *Compassion* move.
2. He gives no Slumber to his Eyes,
but still employs his Care,
How to deliver his i'th' World
out of the Devil's Snare.
3. There he doth plead, and intercede
with his Great Father too;
Thus he employs his glorious Care
to rescue us from Woe.
4. His *Love* and *Bowels* are not chang'd,
for all his glorious Crown:
Sinners, O could you see his Face,
O sure 'twould melt you down!
5. His Gospel and his Spirit too,
unbosom him to you:
O view his *Grace*, accept his *Grace*,
believe his Grace most true.
6. Come you are welcome to his *Grace*,
O cast yourselves therein
This is the *Fountain* opened wide,
to cleanse from Filth of *Sin*.
7. Is there a hard'ned Sinner here,
that will this *Grace* refuse?

On thy own Head then be thy Blood, O
since thou wilt Ruine chuſe.
8. Let us that taſted have this Grace,
his Praiſes ſound on high:
Let's praiſe this *Grace*, O glorious *Grace!*
reign thou Eternally.

HYMN XVIII.

1. *Chriſt* doth the Crown in *Zion* wear,
and all the *Nations* rules,
And by his Power he doth ſubdue
untam'd rebellious Souls.
2. Preach'd to the World, *receiv'd* by *Faith*;
of Heaven, Earth and Hell,
The mighty King and Sov'reign Lord,
who can his Glory tell?
3. The Fountain, nay, the *Ocean*,
the Fulneſs of all *Grace*:
The Glory of the Father ſhines
in thy moſt lovely Face.
4. The *Temple*, which the ſplendid *Train*
of all the Godhead fills:
Perfections, Beauties, blaze in thee,
of everlaſting Hills.
5. The bright, the clear eſſential *Glaſs*;
in which we may behold
Jehovah's ſhining Majeſty,
out-dazling Pearls and Gold.
6. Of thee we'll ſing, Almighty King,
our glorious *Solomon*;
Our *Jeſus*, Propher, Prince and Prieſt,
the Father's *Chriſt* and *Son*.

7. O!

7. O! who may dare with thee compare?
Created Beings all,
Like *Dagon*, 'fore the *Ark* of old,
before thy feet muſt fall.
8. Let's Eccho forth his Praiſe who is
the Judge of Quick and Dead:
In *Zion*'s Gates Praiſe for thee waits,
our Sov'reign Lord and Head.

HYMN XIX.

1. *CHriſt* our *High-Prieſt*, defends his *Church*,
a Wall of Fire round about,
The Bulwark of *Jeruſalem*;
he like a King in her doth ſhout.
2. His Eyes are watchful to ſecure
his *Glory* upon her from Harms;
Our *Solomon* has valiant Men
to keep his *Bed* from Night alarms.
3. That which intitles him to all,
is the *bright Garment* which he wears;
And 'tis *that* Cov'ring that ſecures
us from our Filth, and Guilt, and Fears.
4. The Godly ſtand now in that *Robe*,
and ſhall *for ever* ſtand therein;
This Garment is a Cov'ring for
our Holineſs as well as Sin.
5. It is the Righteouſneſs of *Chriſt*
that is with him at God's right Hand;
'Tis in the Lord above we have
this *Righteouſneſs* wherein we ſtand.
6. This Cov'ring hath its great Defence;
for *Jacob*'s God with *Jacob* is

As

As a ſtrong Tow'r, becauſe he ſees
no Sin in him as cloth'd with this.
7. Our God and Father in his Love,
doth reſt upon his *Mercy-ſeat*;
And thence, with us, about his Grace,
his Love and Favour ſtoops to treat.
8. All Thanks and Praiſe be to his Name,
who dwells in his Love's Reſting-place;
And thence for ever doth ſhow'r down
on *Rebels*, Favour, Love and Grace.

HYMN XX.

1. OUR great *High-Prieſt*, our Perſons doth
to's Father repreſent,
In that refulgent ſplendid *Robe*,
that caſts forth Spice's Scent.
2. He takes our Prayers, and he throws out
what's ſinful and what's bad:
Reformed thus he brings them in
with his own Merits clad.
3. And *Holineſs* unto the *Lord*,
doth write upon them all:
We and our Duties, ſtand in him,
and thus can never fall.
4. Tho' *poor* our Perſons, *poor* our Frames;
and *poor* our Duties too;
Yet we are *rich* in him; and ours
do make a ſplendid ſhow.
5. A Pray'r, like th' Chatt'ring of a *Crane*,
mixt with this *Incenſe*, flies,
Like to the mighty Clouds above
and pierceth thro' the Skies.

6. There

6. There they are entred on the File,
and Bleſſings will bring down;
They're now above, and we one Day
ſhall wear the promis'd *Crown.*
7. Glory let's bring unto our King,
and Interceſſor too;
High Praiſes to our Advocate,
that dwells in Heav'n, are due.

HYMN XXI.

1. TO *Him* that lov'd us of himſelf,
and dy'd to do us good,
And waſh'd us from our ſcarlet Sins,
in his moſt precious Blood;
2. And made us Kings and Prieſts to God,
his Father infinite,
To *Him* eternal Glory be,
and everlaſting Might.
3. The *Lamb* is worthy that was ſlain;
to have all Pow'r and Wealth,
All Honour, Glory, Wiſdom, Strength,
Thanks for his Saving Health.
4. Thanks, Honour, Glory, Pow'r to him
that on the *Throne* doth ſit,
And to the Lamb for ever and
for ever; *ſo be it.*
5. Thouſands of Thouſands of the Saints,
which ſtand before their King,
With ſhining *Robes*, and ſpreading *Palms*
loud *Hallelujahs* ſing.
6. Aſcribe *Salvation* to our Lord,
who ſits upon the Throne

And

d to the Lamb, the glorious Lamb,
ascribe *Salvation*:
Amen, *Amen*, the Angels cry,
Salvation is his Due:
d we through all Eternity,
his Praises will renew.
Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,
Honour and Power then,
to our God, and to the Lamb
for evermore *Amen*.

HYMN XXII.

O! Let us bow before the Lord,
the Lord of *Glory* that's above,
ho tabernacled among us:
O great Effects of wondrous Love!
And thro' the Vail, his blessed Flesh,
Let's go to God on th' Mercy-seat;
ho sits to commune with us thence,
s before God in him compleat.
Glory and *Praise*, let's warble forth
o *Him*, in an *Angelick* Strain;
Him the Lamb upon the Throne,
o *Him* the Lamb that hath been slain.
He is that *Temple* in which God
doth lift his *Train* of Glory high:
the Perfections shine in him,
of the eternal *Deity*.
How glorious is this mighty King!
how full of Majesty this *Son*!
w richly clad this great *High-priest*!
how fair this *Well-beloved One*!

6. He

6. He is the *Altar* all of Gold,
he is the *Hill* of Frankincense:
Our Duties all are sanctify'd,
accepted too, as coming thence.
7. Coals from this Altar touch our Lips,
that we may his great Praises sound;
O let our Tongues be still employ'd
to publish all his Acts around.

HYMN. XXIII.

1. CHrist in our Sins was wrapp'd abo
when he our Sacrifice did fall;
Our *Sins* all met upon our Lord:
He Satisfaction made for *all*.
2. That so Believers might be wrapp'd
about with his great *Righteousness*,
To cover Duty, Sin, and Self,
that there appear no Nakedness.
3. He broke the *Pow'r*, and hid the *Filth*,
when he dissolv'd the *Guilt* of Sin:
The Gates of Heav'n and Holiness,
hath op'd to let his *Nation* in.
4. He in his Body on the *Tree*
has to his God them reconcil'd;
The Father Sinners does embrace,
thro' Jesus Christ his only Child.
5. He is the *Ark* and Resting-place,
where gathered Sinners are secure
From the great Flood of Sin and Wrath,
in a Retreat that is most sure.
6. In him the *Father's* Goodness dwells;
in him the Father's Love appears,

him we in God's Love abide,
delivered from our Guilt and Fears;
Therefore let's celebrate his Praise,
who is the mighty Prince of Life;
Who would espouse a filthy Soul,
unto himself, and make his Wife.
Glory and Honour unto him;
sing Praise (and let no Tongue be dumb)
Unto the bleeding *Lamb* above;
for by his Blood we overcome.

HYMN XXIV.

Sung at a Funeral.

1. BLest Door of *Bliss* to weary Saints
thou art grim *Death* become;
Secur'd as in a Cabinet,
their *Dust* is in the Tomb.
2. By Death they enter to those Joys
prepar'd for them above;
There they are ever swallow'd up
in endless Life and Love.
3. O! There they see as they are seen,
with clear unclouded Views;
O! There they hear of nothing else,
but joyful glorious News.
4. Anthems of Joys and Praise are there,
with Hallelujahs sung:
Who would be fond of this vain World,
this Dross, this Dirt, this Dung?
5. There Saints for ever do behold
their dearest Jesus Face;

There

There always they admiring are
eternal boundless Grace.
6. They're in the House not made with
in Heav'n eternally, (Hands
They dwell, and with the *Rays* of Christ
they shine most gloriously.
7. Quite freed from Labour, Sorrow, Sin,
from Cumbrance, Peril, Pain;
Then we shall find whate'er we did
for *Christ* was not in vain.
8. Now *Heaven's* Work is here begun,
the Work of singing *Praise*;
The Work and Will of God in Christ,
which there we'll work always.

HYMN XXV.

1. GLory and *Praise*, ascribe always
to the Eternal King:
Ye blessed Saints with Heart and Voice
his glorious Wonders sing.
2. While *Christ* endures, ye are secure,
ty'd with strong Cov'nant-bands;
Lust never can, nor Death, nor Man
pluck you from *Jesus* Hands.
3. Your Husband, Head, your Shepherd
he who engag'd for you, (Friend
Is the Almighty and All-wise,
Unchangeable and True.
4. The Covenant on God's great Word,
and Oath most firmly stands:
The Father's above all, none can
pluck from the Father's Hands.

5. He

He from Eternity decreed,
h' Elect ſhould happy be;
r *World*, nor *Fleſh*, nor *Man's* bad Heart
an alter his Decree.
O then let's praiſe, ſince Heaven's Joys
re in our Souls begun;
d let our Praiſes, like our Joys,
e never, never done.

HYMN XXVI.

AND has the high and lofty One,
that dwells in bright eternal Day,
op'd down, t' embrace poor *Clods of Earth*,
nd dwell in Tenements of Clay?
Raviſhing, condeſcending Love!
O Goodneſs that's aſtoniſhing!
ho would not warble forth thy Praiſe?
he Wonders of thy Glory ſing?
Did ever King diſthrone himſelf
o have Communion with the Poor?
lay his Grandeur by t' embrace
baſe, deformed *Black-a-moor*?
But the eternal Majeſty
he Lord of Glory, he did ſo:
e great Creator's boundleſs Love
hro' Chriſt doth to his Creatures flow:
His Creatures; nay, his wretched Ones,
is moſt rebellious Enemies;
eſe his *Delight*, his *Jewels* theſe;
heſe are the *Apples* of his Eyes.
What ſhall we ſay? raviſh'd, amaz'd;
nd where, if we could ſpeak, begin?

In Silence then let us ſink down,
ſince ſuch vaſt Depths we're ſwallow'd

HYMN XXVII.

1. O! What a great *High-prieſt* have w
with Garments ſhining bright!
And in whoſe Garments we appear
before our God in Light.
2. Our *Prieſt* doth ſit upon the Throne,
A Prophet underſtood:
Thence rules and guides, as well as ſaves
us with his God-like Blood.
3. Who'd not to ſuch a Scepter bow,
that's Righteouſneſs and Peace?
Who would not ſuch Obedience chooſe
that is an holy Eaſe?
4. Our *King* is great *Melchizedeck*,
and King of *Salem* too!
What Pleaſure, Honour, Glory is't,
that he ſhould us ſubdue?
5. O! what an Officer have we,
Eternal, Infinite,
Unchangeable, Supream, moſt True,
moſt Glorious, Pure, and Bright.
6. Eternal Honour to our *Prieſt*,
eternal Thanks and Praiſe;
Let's Hallelujahs warble forth,
let's ſing to him always.

HYMN XXVIII.

1. THE Train of heavenly Glory fills
the Fleſh, wherein the *Godhead* dwe

The Father's Goodneſs his bleſs'd Face,
Whence we receive, and Grace for Grace.
3. This is the *Mercy-ſeat* and *Throne*,
Which boundleſs Grace does ſit upon:
Eternal Wiſdom does enſhrine
It's Beams in him, and thence they ſhine.
4. Hence wicked Rebels for to harm,
Comes forth the Thunder of God's Arm!
All Pow'r o're Earth, o're Hell, o're Heav'n
Is by the Father to *him* given.
5. The Beams of inf'nite Holineſs,
Do dart moſt awful thro' his Fleſh;
The Holy Jeſus doth declare,
What Holies in the Godhead are.
6. He is a ſaving gracious Chriſt,
The Judgment that God did entruſt
With him doth plainly manifeſt,
Both to the Damned and the Juſt.
7. This great Foundation that endures,
Reveals our God more ſure and ſure;
To ſum up all, we hence infer
He is the Father's *Character*.
8. Who would not love this lovely Son,
This bright, this glorious ſhining One?
What ſtammering Tongue can ſilent be?
Or is there an unbowing Knee?
9. O! Let his Brightneſs be unfurl'd,
Tell ye his Wonders thro' the World;
Inſpired with an holy Flame,
Make mention of his awful Name.

HYMN XXIX.

1. LET's not the Holy Spirit grieve,
but let's each Motion mind:
Saints, let us say our *Sails* are fill'd
with this Almighty *Wind*.
2. If vain, or wicked we should be
In Lip, in Life, or Heart,
Or else defile our selves with Pitch,
the *Spirit* will depart.
3. If we should dare Christ's Honour slight
b' in Duty negligent,
The *Spirit* will be quench'd by that,
whom Son and Father sent.
4. When we his Gifts and Callings slight,
and's Message do distrust;
We then the *Spirit* do provoke,
and's Motion do resist.
5. When we don't hearken unto *him*,
but to the *Law* within;
No wonder then we fetter'd are,
and feel the Reign of *Sin*.
6. When we no Heart, nor Lip, nor Tongue
have for his Praise to move,
No wonder he doth cease to tell
us Stories of *Christ*'s Love.

HYMN XXX.

1. *Jehovah* Jesus! O how sweet,
how healing, and how good
Is the Almighty Vertue of
his God-like sacred Blood!

2. It's

It's the Eye-ſalve that cures the Mind,
it's *Gilead*'s ſovereign Balm;
ead Souls it quickens, and it makes
a ſtormy Conſcience calm.
It Wrath removes, God reconciles,
creates a Peace within;
nd yet it daily crucifies
indwelling Luſt and Sin.
'Tween *David*'s Houſe and *Saul*'s, it ſets
a conſtant fatal Strife:
happy we! Altho' it grieves,
that is a Sign of Life.
Oh! precious Blood! O ſacred Flood!
that in Perdition drowns
ur *Luſt* and *Sin* that reign within,
but *us* with Glory crowns.
Why will the *Sinner* periſh? ſince
there's ſuch an healing *Pool?*
ch Fountains open'd in Chriſt's Side,
to heal his leprous *Soul?*
O! *Hallelujah* ever be
ſung in *Jehovah*'s Praiſe,
ho ſuch *Salvation* wrought for us,
ſuch Glory, Bliſs and Joys!

HYMN XXXI.

WHAT glorious *Interceſſor*'s this,
that lives for us upon the *Throne*
e is array'd with Glory bright,
and long hath in that Glory ſhone.
He's with the greateſt Honours crown'd
advanc'd to higheſt Dignity;

He's veſted with Almighty Pow'r,
above all Powers ſet on high.
3. He's King of Heaven, Earth and Hell;
all Things ſubjected are to him,
Angels, and Devils, and Mankind,
both good and bad, Death, Hell and Sin.
4. But yet his Childrens Miniſter, &
all this doth for their Service own,
He rules o're all them for to ſerve,
and ſits their *Prieſt* upon the Throne.
5. Thus *he* employs his Powers all,
his Glory, Might, and Majeſty,
His Favour and his Intereſt,
To ſerve his Childrens Liberty.
6. This he doth manage every Hour,
and every Moment, now above;
Ev'n our Salvation, Safety, Peace,
and is not this amazing Love!
7. All Honour, Glory, Thanks and Praiſe,
be to this Interceſſor giv'n,
Who for the Service of our Faith,
ſits now enthron'd on high in Heav'n.

HYMN XXXII.

1. COME let's find out our curſed Sin
and therefore let us go
Unto a crucified Chriſt,
and there we Sin ſhall know.
2. Let's humbled be, and mourn for Sin
therefore let's go and view
Our Jeſus, whom our Sins did pierce,
then ſhall our Grief be true.

3.

So let us loath Sin and our ſelves,
our God is pacify'd;
And his Love delug'd over Mounts,
then when our Jeſus dy'd.
To God let's make Acknowledgment
for Sin, with Shame of Face:
Our Father ſaw us afar off,
and ran to our Embrace.
Repentance is a beauteous Tree,
on Faith its Roots doth grow;
Is water'd, and is juic'd by Love,
which Love from Faith doth flow.
Sinners, you muſt repent or die;
and would you then repent?
come to Jeſus, he will give
your godly Sorrow Vent.
O! come to him, and do not ſtay
for Mourning firſt, or Eaſe;
Or change of Life, or broken Heart,
for he will give all theſe.
Come you with us, and honour him;
let's honour his *free Grace*;
Let that be magnify'd alone,
and that alone embrace.

HYMN XXXIII.

O GOD in Goodneſs infinite,
thou art moſt ready to forgive,
Who from thy Boſom ſent'ſt thy Son,
to die for us, that we might live.
Come grieved Conſciences, come taſte
this heavenly Cheer, ſo choice, ſo good;

Get into *Jesus* wounded Sides,
drink in the Vertue of his Blood.
3. Your *Smart* shall be turn'd into *Joy*,
your *Sin* shall die, your Grief shall cease
This *shed* Blood in thy Heart shall shed
the Love of *Jesus* and his Peace.
4. Thou shalt see God thy Father is,
that he hath chose thee afore Time;
That all thy *Sins* forgiven are,
that Christ in Covenant is thine.
5. Come all ye *Saints*, and praise the Lord,
who hath done such great things for you
Admire, adore his Goodness all,
which is as boundless as 'tis true.

HYMN XXXIV.

1. THRO' ev'ry Grace and Duty too,
Faith doth it self diffuse;
For Holiness in Heart and Life
is *Faith* put out to *use*.
2. *Faith* is the Root and Tree, from which
all other Branches slide,
And every Grace o'th' Spirit is
(but Faith) diversify'd.
3. *Love's* Faith embracing; Hope is Faith
that looks for what's to come;
Patience is Faith expecting; *Zeal*
is Faith upon the Run:
4. And *Self*-denial is a Grace
that empties us of all,
That Self abhors, and comes to Christ
according to his Call.

5. Each

Each Duty muſt be done in *Faith*;
Faith throughout all muſt run:
The Devil, Sin, the World, and all
'tis Faith muſt overcome.
Now to the Purchaſer of Faith, &
and Giver of it too,
e Honour, Glory, Thanks and Praiſe,
as are moſt meet and due.

HYMN XXXV.

LOVE ye your lovely *Lord*, ye *Saints*,
who's altogether fair:
reated Beauties are but Shades,
if they with *him* compare.
Stir and awake your Souls to Love,
your Jeſus to embrace;
ith Wonders all his Glory view,
that's full of Truth and Grace.
His bleſt Example imitate,
and learn of him who's meek,
is lowly humble Steps tread in, &
his Face and Favour ſeek.
Give Honour to King *Jeſus*, Saints,
give Honour to his Name;
he Father's Honour doth require,
the Son ſhould have the ſame.
His Father hath transferr'd on *him*
his Glory, Judgment, Fame;
e hath advanc'd him very high:
O! Magnify his Name!
Therefore all Honour unto him,
and Praiſes are moſt due!

The Almighty, Wiſe, Eternal King,
the Holy, Juſt, and True.

HYMN XXXVI.

1. GOD of all Grace, let's ſee thy Face,
being freed from Law and Sin:
Theſe did enſlave; by Grace we have
a *Freedom* now within:
2. The *Law* ſhan't riſe to tyrannize,
our Glory to deface,
It ſhall no more on us have Pow'r,
for we are under Grace.
3. O purge our Souls, and do thou roll
away our Sin and Fear:
Chriſt's *Blood* i'th' Heart will eaſe Sin's Sma
and ſeal a Pardon there.
4. *Jehovah* Lord, th' eternal Word,
thou brighteſt Majeſty,
Array'd with bright and daz'ling Light,
thou ſit'ſt enthron'd on high.
5. Thy *Saints* now throw their *Crowns* belo
thy awful Throne and Feet,
And proſtrate fall to worſhip all;
for 'tis moſt juſt and meet.
6. Thy glorious Light, Majeſtick Might,
thou doſt with Dread reveal:
Thy gracious *Ear* bows down to Pray'r,
thou doſt Diſeaſes heal.
7. And thou doſt thus walk among us,
diſplaying Pow'r and Love;
The *Goſpel-charm* (thy ſtretched Arm)
doth on theſe Waters move.

8. Tho

. Thou worthy art from Lip and Heart,
all Thanks and Praiſe to have;
ll Glory, Power, (every Hour,)
and Honour to receive.
. O! let us all thy Name extol,
thy glorious Fame let's raiſe;
et *Heavens* ſing, let *Earth* forth bring,
and *Seas* roar out thy Praiſe.
o. Ye Saints that wait at *Zion*'s Gate,
ſing Praiſe to *Zion*'s King,
oſannahs! Hallelujahs all!
ſtill *Hallelujahs* ſing!

HYMN XXXVII.

BElieve, O Soul, and thou ſhalt ſee
Heav'ns *Dew* on thee diſtill;
lount up thy *Faith*, and thou ſhalt ſee
a *greater* Glory ſtill.
. Let not thy Unbelief obſtruct
Chriſt's growing Int'reſt now;
nly *believe*, that all unto
his mighty Name might bow.
. Upon the *Wing* of Acts of Faith,
do thou exalt his Name:
elieve his Glory ſhining bright,
his *Perſon* in the ſame.
. Believe the World down at his Feet,
And *Zion* glorious made:
e may believe that firmly, which
the God of Truth hath ſaid.
. *Believe*, all Sickneſs ſhall be heal'd;
O *Blind*, and ye ſhall ſee:

Believe,

Believe, *O Deaf*, and ye shall hear;
O Lame, and ye shall flee.
6. Open the Eye of Faith, O *Soul*,
behold thy Glorious Christ;
Who altogether lovely is,
as Prophet, King, and Priest.
7. Look *Sinners* unto Jesus, look
with an unveiled Face;
And you shall see our Lord for you
fill'd full of Truth and Grace.
8. Glory and Honour to our Lord!
let's honour him by Faith;
Let's without wavering believe, &
whate're our *Jesus* saith.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1. LOOK unto *Jesus*, Sinners look,
if you'd Salvation have,
Who's God the *Saviour*, and none else;
it's only *he* can save.
2. His *Righteousness* more bright is far
than Angels Holiness: &
Our best of Doings are but Rags;
a poor and tatter'd Dress.
3. *Christ* is our *Righteousness* and *Strength*,
him Rock and Fortress call;
Christ our Redemption, Wisdom, Peace;
Christ is our All in All.
4. Our Mighty King, and Captain too,
his *Armies* are abroad:
Be still, O *Zion*; who leads forth
these *Armies*, is thy *God*.

5. Sing *Hallelujah!* unto him,
his Sword is on his Thigh:
To him be Honour and Renown,
and brighteſt Majeſty.

HYMN XXXIX.

1. SING *Hallelujah!* even ſing
ſing your God's Praiſe in laſting Verſe:
You who redeem'd are by his Blood,
in *Zion* now his Acts rehearſe.
2. When you were diſtant from the Lord,
as wide as Heav'n from Hell doth lie;
He then your ſacrifice became,
and by his *Blood* he brought you nigh.
3. The *Sword* of *Vengeance* due to you,
he in his bleeding Sides receiv'd:
You for eternal Slaughter bound,
(by dying in your ſtead) reliev'd.
4. When that God's Wrath burn'd down to Hell,
he ſatisfy'd; the Father ſmil'd:
His Death the Enmity deſtroy'd,
God and the Sinner reconcil'd;
5. *Jehovah* and his *Rebels* may
in a Chriſt crucified meet:
O! let us then throw down our all
at an Almighty *Saviour's* Feet.
6. God is come down into the Camp,
O let the Camp of God be pure;
That it the burning Preſence of
the Lord of Hoſts may now endure.
7. Praiſe waits for thee in *Zion*, Lord,
In *Judah* thy great Name is known;

There

There thou the *Giant* Unbelief,
and Hoſts of Sin, haſt overthrown.

HYMN XL.

1. WHat Fulneſs of rich glorious Grace,
in *Chriſt* is to be found!
Look to him, Soul; thou ſhalt be heal'd
of every deadly Wound.
2. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
dwell in him bodily:
In *Jeſus Face* the Glory ſhines
of all the *Deity*.
3. Believing Views of Grace in Chriſt;
ſet *weary* Souls at Reſt;
Set free the *Captives*, and relieve
the *Troubled* and *Oppreſt*.
4. Make ſtrong the *Weak*, cheriſh the *Faint*,
make glad the *mourning* Heart,
Soul's Thirſt abate, and Hunger break,
and eaſe each deadly Smart.
5. Soul's Life create, Sin's Pow'r deſtroy,
Lip, Life, and Soul refine;
They poiſon *Sin*, by pouring in
the *Goſpel*'s Cordial-Wine.
6. View not the Grace in your own Hearts,
that can't it ſelf uphold:
Seek ye a *riſen* Chriſt above,
the try'd approved Gold.
7. We view our Sin that is within,
and our inherent Grace;
And ſin the more, yea, grow more poor;
let's look to Jeſus Face.

8. Hail

3. Hail mighty *One*, Eternal Son,
the Glaſs wherein we view
The Father's ſhining Brightneſs, and
his glorious Perſon too.
9. All *Hail* to thee, exalted Prince,
our Huſband, Brother, Friend;
To thee all Honour, Glory, Praiſe,
be Ages without End.

HYMN XLI.

1. TH' Almighty ſmil'd upon his *Son*,
when he *our* Peace became:
God's Wrath doth ceaſe, a laſting Peace
is made 'tween God and Man.
2. O! what are we, Eternity
ſhould chuſe us when undone?
In its great Thoughts we then had room,
elſe we to Hell had gone.
3. Electing Love, how didſt thou move
to us in our Diſtreſs?
No Banks can bound, no Line can ſound
thee, *Ocean* bottomleſs.
4. Our Mounts of *Sin* can't bound thee in,
nor hinder thy Proceed:
Like *Jordan*, thou didſt overflow
its mighty Banks with ſpeed.
5. Thus *Heav'n* ſhall be eternally
the *Saints* Inheritance;
With Glories crown'd, for ever drown'd
in Joys eternal Trance.
6. Then let *us*, Lord, with one Accord,
thy Praiſes celebrate:

Praiſe

Praiſe doth for thee, *O glorious Three*,
in thy Mount *Zion* wait.
7. Let them that be now ſav'd by thee,
in Soul and Body too,
To thee repair, God hearing Pray'r,
with higheſt Praiſes now.

HYMN XLII.

1. WHat mighty *Weight* of *Glory*, Lord,
in *Heav'n* for Saints prepared is!
Rivers of Pleaſure, endleſs Joys,
what boundleſs *Ocean* of Bliſs!
2. No Sin nor Sorrow enter there,
all Tears from Eyes are wip'd away:
No Shade of Darkneſs, or of Night,
but all a bright, eternal Day.
3. There we ſhall ſee as we are ſeen,
appearing in Chriſt's *Glory* too,
Array'd with his moſt ſhining Robes,
his Face we ſhall for ever view!
4. Poor *Chriſtleſs Souls*, what will you do?
you have no Lot nor Portion here:
Our pained Bowels yearn for you;
O! come, and learn our Lord to fear.
5. Come join with us in Covenant,
perpetually to ſerve the Lord,
And you ſhall ſee your ſelves in him,
diſcharg'd according to his Word.
6. Once we were dead in Sin, as you,
but now we are alive in Chriſt:
Come you, take him as we have done,
our glorious Prophet, King and Prieſt.

7. We

7. We that redeem'd are by his Blood,
from Nations, Kindreds, People, Tongues,
Let us in *Zion* Praiſes give,
and magnify his Name with Songs.

HYMN XLII.

1. *Chriſt* is the ſame as e're he was;
as full of Truth and Grace:
There's the ſame Pity as e're was,
in his exalted Face;
2. As full of *Love* as when at firſt
he undertook for us:
He is a God that changeth not,
but is for ever thus.
3. As full of Pity to poor Souls
as when he on the Tree
Did hang, thy bleeding Sacrifice,
and Vengeance bore for thee.
4. Sinners, he is as able (now,
yea, and as willing too)
To ſave you, as when he at firſt
did Grace proclaim to you.
5. Come therefore on his Bowels roll,
behold they yearn for you;
His Pity and his Mercy be
as boundleſs as they're true.
6. Give Honour to *King Jeſus*, Saints,
honour his Grace and Truth:
This glorious He, a green Fir-tree,
has ſtill the Dew of Youth.

HYMN

HYMN XLIV.

1. MAke good thy *Word*, O mighty *Lord*,
to thy Beloved *Son*;
Take to his Throne thy holy *One*,
our glorious *Solomon*.
2. We ſigh to ſee how all Things be,
ev'n in *Immanuel*'s Land:
The Wicked mad, the Righteous ſad,
whilſt thou with-holdſt thy Hand.
3. This *Morning-Star* ſeems very far,
this budding *Branch* to die;
This *King* ſo crown'd, to be dethron'd,
this Captain ſeems to fly.
4. His purchas'd Crown ſeems tumbling down,
this *Lion* ſeeks no Prey;
Confus'dly hurl'd is this mad World,
ſweet Jeſus haſte away.
5. Ariſe, *O Sun*, with Glory run,
to perfect *Noon* break forth:
Make Nations bright, and with thy Light
O! cover all the Earth.
6. Great God of Love, ſend from above
thy New *Jeruſalem*;
On *Jeſus* Head, cauſe thou to ſpread
his ſparking *Diadem*.
7. *Hoſannahs! Hallelujahs!* ring!
our Jeſus comes apace:
Bow ev'ry Knee, all Hell ſhall flee
from th' Terror of his Face.
8. Flow mighty Hills like Rivers ſwift,
and Mountains flee away;

Lamb you'll see a *Lion* be,
that riseth to the Prey.
With Glory and exceeding Pow'r,
he on the Clouds doth sit;
The Clouds we see, so black that be
the Dust are of his Feet.

HYMN XLV.

LORD, when thou from Eternity,
didst see us float in *Sin's* Abyss,
We floated then in thy good Will:
O! was there ever *Love* like this?
When vile and filthy, thou to us
didst thine eternal Grace encline;
When we most hateful were, didst love:
O! was there ever Love like thine!
Thou took'st us, tho' thou didst forsee
what odious Rebels we would prove,
Malicious, froward, obstinate:
O! was there ever such a Love!
Must the *Eternal* swear to us,
thro' Faith we should not Glory miss!
Must Jesus's Death this ratifie!
O! was there ever Love like this!
Must God engage by *Word* and *Oath*,
to make us with his Grace to shine,
And give us Heaven at the last!
O! was there ever Love like thine!
O what is Heaven! who can tell?
who can conceive that boundless Bliss?
Tis with Christ's Glory to be dress'd;
O! was there ever Love like this!

7. Lord,

7. Lord, being amaz'd with thy Love,
we do our Admiration raiſe:
With boundleſs Love, aſtoniſh'd thus,
in our Amazement ſpeak thy Praiſe!
8. O *Halleluſah*, Glory, Pow'r,
Thankſgiving, Might and Majeſty,
Be now and ever, Lord, by us,
and by all thine aſcrib'd to thee.

HYMN XLVI.

(*On ſome Verſes in* Iſaiah 53.)

1. OUR *Jeſus* pour'd his *Soul* to Dea
and with the *Wicked* made his *Gra*
The Father pleas'd to cruſh him thus,
that he thereby might Sinners ſave.
2. Therefore he ſhall prolong his Days,
until the Day of Judgment's o're;
Then ſhall he ſee his num'rous ſeed,
his travailing Soul unto him bore.
3. In that great Hoſt he ſhall rejoice;
and to his Father with Delight
Preſent them there, for to remain
in his and in his Father's Sight.
4. For he acquitted them from Death,
and therefore made them to believe:
This was his Right to do, becauſe
he dy'd for them that they might live.
5. Becauſe he weighty Vengeance bore,
the Father will divide to him,
A Portion with the great and ſtrong,
and he ſhall ſpoil Death, Hell and Sin.

6. Ble

Bleſt be *Jehovah*, among us,
a Spoil is giv'n him with the ſtrong:
ith Joy we witneſs that our Lord
hath had a Portion in this Throng.
We hope his greateſt Lot's behind,
his Death and Sufferings for him plead:
that did for poor Sinners die,
now ever lives to intercede.

HYMN XLVII.

Hymn ſung at Mr. B——'s *Funeral Sermon*, 1 Cor. xv.

BLeſt are the Dead that die in Chriſt,
they triumph over Death:
falling they do conquer, and
ive in their lateſt Breath.
How in the Chariot of Free-Grace
he ſav'd One triumph does!
d when Death ſtrikes him to the Heart,
o're Death he triumphs thus.
O armed *Juſtice*, what ſay'ſt thou;
Death hath no Sting from thee:
ou art become my beſt of Friends,
whom Jeſus has ſet free.
O Law of God! where are thy Swords
f Threats and ſore Demands?
y Jeſus Death hath wreſted them
ut of Death's cruel Hands.
O Sin! the bitter Sting of Death,
oth in its Filth and Guilt:
y Jeſus now deſtroy'd them quite
y th' Blood that he hath ſpilt.

6. Thou

6. Thou cruel Executioner!
vile *Satan!* what say'ſt thou?
I ſcorn thy Arts, Threats and Aſſaults;
thou canſt not reach me now.
7. Thou *Conſcience* that didſt uſe to ſmart,
thou now art fully eas'd,
The Storm that troubled thee, now is
eternally appeas'd.
8. But oh! poor Sinners what will you
do, when Death comes to give
The Blow which ſends you down to Hell
without the leaſt Reprieve?
9. Death's to the *Good* an End of Woe,
but doth your Woe begin;
Heaven's Gate to them, but *Hell*'s to you,
that live and die in Sin.

HYMN XLVIII.

(*On the Second Sermon.*)

1. THO' the dead Bodies of the *Saints*
thou doſt devouring Grace deſtroy
Yet in the laſt Day they ſhall riſe:
then Grave where is thy Victory!
2. When *Sea* and *Grave* muſt them reſign,
and all their Priſons open fly,
To let the Dead in Chriſt ariſe:
then Grave where is thy Victory!
3. Corrupted, droſſy Duſt and Clay,
when firſt they fall the Tombs them have
Thence incorruptible they'll riſe:
then where's thy Victory, O Grave!

4. Th

Thou doſt prepare their Duſt to riſe,
moſt glorious Bodies bright and free;
Grave, is this the worſt thou doſt?
then Grave where is thy Victory!
Thou great *Alembic* doſt diſtil
frail Mortal Bodies, that they be
immortal, glorious, ſpiritual:
then Grave where is thy Victory!
True, thou depriveſt and deprav'ſt,
by rotting Sinner's Carcaſes,
or future Woes and Plagues, we grant
thou haſt a *Conqueſt* over theſe.

HYMN XLIX.

(*A Paraphraſe* on Pſalm 133.)

LO! what a pleaſant, lovely Sight,
How full of raviſhing Delight,
Is it, that Children ſhould agree,
That are of the ſame Family!
'Tis like the conſecrated *Oil*,
Rich, precious, of a fragrant Smell,
That was divinely pour'd and ſhed
On the High-Prieſt's devoted Head;
That ſmelling ſweetly did o'reflow
His Garment and his Members too;
O're ev'ry Member it did ſtream,
And it perfumed every *Hem*.
Thus the Communion of the *Saints*
Perfumes the Body 'n all its Joints;
Supples and heals, and ſmooths each Part,
And eaſes ev'ry deadly Smart.

5. 'Tis

5. 'Tis like the Dew on *Hermon*'s Top,
That gave a fruitful ſmiling Crop;
And like the Dew on *Zion*'s Hill,
That made it green and graſſy ſtill.
6. In *Zion* Bleſſing's to be had,
Our Hearts rejoice there, and are glad;
There glorious Riches are in ſtore,
There's given out *Life* for evermore.

HYMN L.

1. O Grace! recover'd *Sinners* ſhould
than *Adam* happier be;
Than *Adam* in his beſt Eſtate,
moſt glorious and more free.
2. *Faith* views, obeys, loves and enjoys
in Chriſt, the God of Grace,
Beyond what perfect *Reaſon* could,
when with its cleareſt Face.
3. Eternal Sovereign, reigning *Grace*,
does Elect Sinners lead
Thro' various Rooms, the Courts of Bli
and Glory for to tread.
4. Firſt in Eſtate of Happineſs,
in upright *Adam* bleſt,
Fill'd with a perfect natural Bliſs:
but that is not their Reſt.
5. Down tumble thence to Sin's Abyſs,
as low as Death and Hell;
That *Grace* in raiſing them from thence
might boundleſs Worth reveal.
6. Rais'd unto *Faith* i'th' Wilderneſs,
Faith weak, imperfect, faint,

Mi

ixt with Law, Guilt and Unbelief,
with Doubting and Complaint.
Then to the *Canaan* of Faith here,
they paſs unto their Reſt,
om thence to th' *New Jeruſalem*,
whence Tears and Griefs have ceas'd.
And having judg'd the World with Chriſt,
to Glory have a Call;
ith Chriſt then ſwallow'd up in God,
and God be all in all.
Glory and Praiſe in Chriſt our Head,
be given unto him,
hoſe Love eternal this ordain'd
to us when ſunk in Sin.

HYMN LI.

ELecting Grace by Juſtice ſtopt
could not find out a Paſſage free,
ill the Redeemer ſtept between,
and that too from Eternity.
The Current of Election ſtopt,
finds vent in Jeſus wounded Sides;
he boundleſs Sea of God-like Love
o'erflow'd in thoſe bleſt Purple Tides.
Grace thro' the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt
muſt Channels find, e're the Decree
f God's electing inf'nite Love,
could perfect and compleated be.
Conſcience can ne'er be truly eas'd,
until Attonement it believes;
othing can cure its Wounds, but what
to *Juſtice* Satisfaction gives.

5. The *Conſcience* from *dead* Works alone
the Blood of Chriſt muſt pacify;
The precious *Blood* o'th' *Lamb* of God
from *Guilt* and *Filth* muſt ſet us free.
6. *Hoſannah!* to the God of Grace,
Hoſannah! to the God of Love,
That thro' his wounded, pierced Son
proclaim'd ſuch Tidings from above.

HYMN LII.

1. THE Goſpel does declare
electing Grace alone,
That's hid in Chriſt our great High-pri
does ſit upon the Throne.
2. Our Chriſt hath dearly bought
this Grace, and yet 'tis free:
Whatever it our Jeſus *coſt*,
'tis free for thee and me.
3. Electing Love does you,
O choſen Ones, embrace!
Whilſt Millions fall on th' right and left,
ye ſaved are by Grace.
4. What Grace is this indeed?
that vileſt, pooreſt We,
The moſt polluted *Rebels*, ſunk
in deepeſt Miſery,
5. Should to this high Degree
of Honour choſen be,
Veſſels of Mercy, to be fill'd
with *Love* eternally.
6. Whilſt Sinners more refin'd
more wiſe, rich, mighty all,

That might have honour'd Jesus more,
are left to sink i'th' Fall.
3. What Grace distinguishing
to me and thee is this!
That have found out that Pearl of Price,
which thousand others miss.
4. That we should chosen be,
who might have been as well
Of that forlorn and wretched Troop
that should have march'd to Hell.
5. When we Salvation view
in its Foundation-stone,
We're made to cry together, *Grace!*
yea, *Grace*, free *Grace* alone!

HYMN LIII.

A Hymn *sung on a Day of* Thanksgiving, *set apart by a Church of Christ, to celebrate and praise the Lord for his late Favours and Mercies unto them.*)

1. EXalted Praise in *Zion* waits,
For him that loves his *Zion*'s Gates;
His Church he values far more than
The Dwellings of *Jerusalem.*
2. *There* he takes up his Resting-place;
There he bestows his glorious Grace;
There Life and Blessings he commands;
And *there* array'd with Glory stands.
3. *There* he his Name and Glory plac'd,
His Foot-stool hath with Honour grac'd:

And there his mighty Horns do ſpread,
And's *Crown* doth flouriſh on his Head.

4. His Houſe we are, if we hold faſt,
Our Confidence unto the laſt,
And firm Rejoicing to the End;
Whence ſtill his Bleſſings down he'll ſend.

5. It pleas'd our Lord and Maſter thus,
To give the Kingdom unto us,
Who are but low and in Diſtreſs,
While ſhining in his Comelineſs.

6. When in the trying Seaſon, we
Did from his Cauſe and Banner flee;
And many did with *Idols* join,
Yet thou took'ſt Pity upon thine.

7. Though great's the Blow that did remo
Thy *Servant*, whom our Souls did lov
And with fine Wheat had fed us Years
That we were ſunk in Grief of Fears.

8. Yet tho' the *Ship* was toſt in *Storms*,
Our ſleeping Lord ſecur'd from Harms
And did a gracious Meſſage ſend,
That we our evil Ways amend.

9. Then Bone to Bone did come again,
Thro' all the Viſionary Plain;
The ſcattered Members did agree
To dwell again in *Unity*.

10. Oh! boundleſs Grace that did us kno
When we were ſcattered, poor and lo
His Mercy doth for e're endure:
Oh! Love eternal, boundleſs, ſure!

11. Another Prophet came again
With Prophecies a ſecond time;

We ſhould return and build God's Houſe,
and he anew would us eſpouſe.
2. The *Spirit* of our Jeſus came
With that bleſt Word, and did enflame,
Our Hearts with Zeal and holy Truſt,
And made us favour *Zion*'s Duſt.
3. We roſe to build, and Chriſt roſe too;
His Goodneſs before us did flow:
His Glory did deſcend upon
Our Tabernacle, and there ſhone.
4. To *Zion* then were great Reſorts;
And many flock'd unto her Courts:
The golden Gate ſtood always ope,
Then *Achor*'s Valley a Door of Hope.
5. Oh! boundleſs Grace that did us know,
When we were ſcatter'd poor and low;
His Mercy doth for e're endure:
Oh, Love eternal, boundleſs, ſure!
6. But then a ſudden *Cloud* aroſe,
'Tween Chriſt and us did interpoſe:
A Night comes on, a cloudy Day:
Our *Glory* ſoon was ſnatch'd away.
7. Our *Gold* grew on a ſudden dim;
our *Crown* of Glory fell by Sin:
Our *Sweet* to *Gall* and Wormwood turn'd,
And *Zion*'s ſolemn Meetings mourn'd:
8. Her *Paths* for the moſt part untrod,
Deſerted by an angry God:
Her Builders fail; the Work doth ceaſe;
They ſliding were to ſinful Eaſe.
9. The *Forwardeſt* began to ſhrink;
The Bearers of the Burdens ſink:

We ſpent our Months, for to complain;
And then our Lord return'd again.

20. Oh! boundleſs Grace that did us know,
When we were ſcatter'd, poor and low:
His Mercy doth for e'er endure:
Oh! Love eternal, boundleſs, ſure!

21. Then our *Beloved* came apace
Into his Garden with his Grace,
Upon his Bride again to ſhine;
And brings his Honey, Myrrh and Wi

22. He joyful Meſſages doth bring,
Makes us of Love and Mercy ſing:
Then various Sinners, a great Train
Are to this *Zion* born again.

23. Now Light and Life with *Zion*'s King
Come to her, Songs anew they ſing:
And *Zion*'s Gates are ope again,
Unto her Flock a *numerous* Train.

24. Her Converts very bright and fair;
Her Stones the beauteous *Sapbires* are:
The Lord anointed them above
Their Fellows, then with Joy and Lov

25. The Lord doth for our Quiet care,
His Arm too, for us is made bare;
Though to this Day we do provoke,
We murmur and we tempt his Stroke.

26. Yet in this *Iſr'el* he don't ſee
Perverſeneſs or Iniquity;
God in the Righteouſneſs of Chriſt,
Our merciful and great High Prieſt.

27. We further Glory ſhall behold;
He'll for our Silver give us Gold.

We ſhall greater Things receive,
If we hold on, and do believe.
Becauſe of all this mighty *Grace*,
At his high Throne and Reſting-place,
We meet to offer up this Day,
The Sacrifice of Thanks and Praiſe.
'Fore him the God of *Grace* and *Love*,
That ſits upon the Throne above;
That lives and reigns for evermore,
We proſtrate fall now to adore.
Worthy's the Lamb upon the Throne,
That once was ſlain, that once did moan;
All Power, Riches, Strength to have,
All Honour, Glory to receive.
O boundleſs Grace that did us know,
When we were ſcatter'd poor and low:
His Mercy doth for ever endure;
Oh, Love eternal, boundleſs, ſure!

HYMN LIV.

LET's ſing the Praiſes of the Lamb,
whoſe Blood has made us bright,
nd whoſe Obedience to the Law
has made us perfect white:
Yea, we in him more righteous are,
than *Adam* e're could be:
ith an Obedience God-like, he
obey'd for thee and me.
The Law is fully ſatisfy'd,
the Law is honoured too;
ot a *meer* Man, *God-Man* obey'd,
and that was more than due.

4. The Law of *Works* cannot condemn,
nor aught of us demand;
We give full Satisfaction to't
thro' our *Redeemer*'s Hand.
5. We *Righteous* are in a Law-ſenſe,
and therefore juſtify'd;
Our *Jeſus* riſen now doth plead,
that once obey'd and dy'd.

Select HYMNS.

BOOK II.

HYMN I.

1. ALL ye *Seraphic* Trains above,
in Silence now remain;
None can ſet forth *Electing Love*,
but *Jeſus* that was ſlain.
2. The *Father*'s Love to Sinners is
ſo great that none can know;
Nothing but *Jeſus* crucify'd
electing Love can ſhow.
3. The Brightneſs of *electing Grace*
we no where elſe can ſee,
But in thoſe Purple Streams alone
which *Jeſus* bled for me.

Come Sinners, come, behold what Love,
Chriſt's bleeding Sides did run!
y Faith ſee Jeſus *pierc'd* for you,
if you for Sin would mourn:
Your Tears like *Mary*'s then will flow,
When Jeſus's Wounds you ſee:
ou will abhor your ſelves and cry,
Was *Jeſus* pierc'd for *me*!

HYMN II.

TIS finiſh'd! cry'd our dying Lord,
when he hung on the Tree:
) what a pleaſant Sound indeed,
It finiſh'd, is to me?
. Sin, that was finiſh'd on the Croſs,
with Chriſt 'twas crucify'd;
Our Lord did make an end of Sin
when on the Croſs he dy'd.
. *Wrath*, it was alſo finiſh'd too,
upon our Lord, when he
Did give himſelf a Sacrifice,
and nail'd was to the Tree.
. Yea, *Righteouſneſs* was finiſh'd too,
and was compleated, when
Our *Jeſus* poured forth his *Soul*
for us rebellious Men.
. 'Tis finiſh'd! now before the Throne
Chriſt's Blood doth pleading cry:
Tis *finiſh'd!* in the Conſcience too,
it ſoundeth pleaſantly.
. 'Tis finiſh'd! is a joyful Sound;
what Tongue can ſilent be?

Raptures of Praiſe let's ſing always,
our Jeſus, unto thee.

HYMN III.

1. O! Thou art fair my Love, I ſay,
there is no Spot in thee:
Not only fair, but *all* fair too,
no Spot in thee I ſee.
2. Whoſe Voice is this I hear ſo ſweet?
'tis my Beloved's ſure,
That tells me thou art now ſo fair,
ſo ſpotleſs, and ſo pure.
3. My Love, 'tis I that tell thee ſo,
'tis thy Beloved's Voice,
That tells thee thou art now ſo fair,
that thou may'ſt now rejoice.
4. What did he ſay, I now am fair?
alas! how can it be,
That I that nothing am but *Spots*,
ſhould *now* ſo ſpotleſs be?
5. Sure he doth mean, I *ſhall* be ſo,
not that I *now* am fair:
Can ſuch a vile polluted Wretch
without a Spot appear?
6. O ſtay my Love, and hearken to me,
I ſay, thou art fair *now*;
O ſtay thy Reaſoning a while,
and I will tell thee *how*:
7. My Love, 'tis I have made thee ſo;
my *Blood* has made thee white;
My Righteouſneſs hath thee array'd,
and made thee daz'ling bright.

I in my Body once did bear
thy Sins upon the Tree;
My Standing in thy room and ſtead
hath made thee ſpotleſs be.
O my *Beloved*, hold thy Peace;
thy Love tranſporting is:
Stay me, I am ſick of Love;
Oh! what a Love is this!
What finite Wiſdom can conceive,
what Pen or Tongue can ſhow,
The vaſt Dimenſions of his Love,
that in theſe *Streams* did flow?
I mean thoſe bleeding Purple Streams
that from *Chriſt*'s Sides did run;
There you may ſee the Love of Three;
and yet theſe Three are One.

HYMN IV.

REjoice, ye *Saints*, in Praiſes high;
your *Robes* are fair and white:
The *Lamb* preſents you evermore
to th' Father with Delight.
Sing therefore ye redeemed Ones,
his Praiſes let us ſhow,
That with his *Blood* hath made us White,
yea, whiter than the Snow.
What *Love*, our lovely Lord is this,
that in thy Blood doth ſhine!
Let's evermore thy Love adore:
no *Love* was e're like *thine*.
By Faith let's take a Turn about
our *bleeding Lord*, and ſee,

What

What Love his bleeding Sides did run,
when he hung on the Tree.

5. Let Cherubim and Seraphim,
that now are round the Throne,
Salvation ſing unto the Lamb,
that worthy is alone.

HYMN V.

1. OUR Surety from Eternity,
engag'd himſelf to pay
Our Debts to th' Father to the full,
at the appointed Day.

2. The Father took our Surety's Word,
and therefore did ſet free,
Thoſe Saints, that dy'd before our Lord
did hang upon the Tree.

3. They were to Glory alſo gone,
and there were happy made,
Before our Lord had of their Debts
the actual Payment paid.

4. But now in Goſpel-days we do
that glorious Myſt'ry ſee,
That all our Debts to th' full were paid
when Chriſt hung on the Tree.

5. We need no Sacrifices bring
but th' Sacrifice of Praiſe;
In Songs of Triumph we may ſpend
our now remaining Days.

6. For ſure it will not now be long,
e're we our Lord ſhall ſee;
And evermore our Lord adore,
when we with him ſhall be.

HYMN VI.

1. WE thro' the Law of Life in Christ
from *Moses* are set free;
And being dead to th' Law, we live
that Grace might honour'd be.
2. We cease to work for Life, yet work
as if we Life should gain:
We work not 'cause the Law commands,
Christ's Love doth us constrain.
3. We're drawn to work by th' Law of Love,
which gently doth constrain;
This makes our Service a Delight,
our Labour without Pain.
4. Constraining Grace doth set's awork,
not Conscience, Rage and Pain:
We do not work 'cause *Moses* bids,
but 'cause the Lamb is slain.
5. O Sinners! would you work aright,
come unto *Jesus* then,
Who hath o'th' Father Gifts receiv'd
for us rebellious Men.
6. There's Life and Strength in Christ alone,
which *Moses* cannot give;
Which to the Law will make you dead
that you to God may live.

HYMN VII.

1. COME, let us triumph in the Lamb,
our Lord that once did die;
We that believe in Jesus may
have everlasting Joy.

2. Come

2. Come *Law* of God, what haſt thou now
of us for to demand?
Thy Curſes all did meet on Chriſt,
that did our Surety ſtand.
3. Tho' we do ſin, thou canſt not curſe,
the Curſes all did lie
Upon our bleeding *Lord*, when he
our Sacrifice did die.
4. Come, *Juſtice* where is now thy Charge?
what haſt thou now to ſhow?
We do to thee preſent the Blood,
that from Chriſt's *Sides* did flow.
5. Thine Arrows all did meet in him,
when nailed to the Tree:
Our *Lord* himſelf he did become
a Sacrifice to thee.
6. Vile *Satan*, where are now thy *Bills*:
Our Sins cannot be found;
The God-like *Garment* of our *Lord*
compleatly wraps us round.
7. O *Hallelujah* to the *Lamb*,
that hath now ſet us free:
Our Crowns we throw thy Feet below,
and give the Praiſe to thee.

HYMN VIII.

1. WHAT *meaneth* this tumultuous Noiſe
that in the Nations be?
The *Lamb* is haſt'ning to his Throne,
we in theſe *Clouds* may ſee.
2. His *Chariot-wheels* do come apace;
he's haſting on his Way;

Come

ome quickly, our Beloved, come,
ſweet Jeſus, don't delay.
Haſte, be thou like a Roe or Hart,
that on the Mountains be,
ntil the Day doth clearly break,
and all the Shadows flee.
Thy Love-ſick Spouſe, Lord, knows not
thy Abſence thus to bear;
hy Preſence moſt delightful is,
thou art to us moſt dear.
O! therefore haſte, our lovely Lord,
we long thy Face to ſee:
ome ſwiftly like a Roe or Hart,
that on the Mountains be.

HYMN IX.

1. ALL the ſeraphic Trains above
are ſtooping down below,
o learn o'th' Church that Myſtery
paſt Ages did not know.
But now the Vail is rent in twain,
the Myſt'ry is unfold;
uſtice and Mercy reconcil'd
we now by *Faith* behold.
We now in Goſpel-Days may go
into the holy *Place*:
e in a *bleeding Jeſus* ſee
God's reconciled Face.
Our Sins paſt, preſent, and to come,
are now all cover'd o're
th' Ocean of our *Saviour*'s Blood,
where they ſhall riſe no more.

5. To

5. To God in our own Nature, we
in Gospel-days do go:
Mount *Sinai*'s Saints did little of
these glorious Myst'ries know:
6. These Mysteries from Ages past
within the Vail were pent;
But when our Lord hung on the Cross,
the Vail in twain was rent.
7. Now glorious Grace unveiled is,
and in Christ's Face doth shine;
There drink may we abundantly
of well-refined Wine.

HYMN X.

1. TO him the Lamb upon the Throne
whose Flesh the Godhead fills,
And all its Rays are there display'd,
in whom all Fulness dwells.
2. To him that wash'd us in his Blood,
let's Praise and Honour sing:
Let us adore and magnify
our great exalted King.
3. Come ye redeemed Ones, sound forth
new Songs of Praise unto
Him that hath wash'd you from your Sins,
and made you white as Snow:
4. And now in Robes most richly wrought
we to the King are brought,
Surpassing Angels, that have not
a Robe so richly wrought.
5. We therefore throw our Crowns below
that awful Seat and Throne;

Singing

nging the Lamb's new Song, and ſay,
Thou worthy art alone,
All Praiſe and Honour for to have,
by us for evermore;
ng Praiſes therefore to the Lamb,
and ſing for evermore.

HYMN XI.

COME ſing, O ye redeemed Ones,
to the Lamb upon th' Throne:
ound forth the Praiſes of the Lamb,
the Father's holy One.
O! take a Turn by Faith about
the bleeding Lamb of God,
! ſee him crying out under
his Father's heavy Rod.
O! ſee him wounded for your Sins:
behold your bleeding Lord,
eceiving in his bleeding *Sides*,
the Father's flaming *Sword*.
Look to your *pierced* Lord, ye *Saints*,
then you indeed ſhall mourn,
s one that weepeth bitterly,
as for an only *Son*.
Behold, what *Streams* of *Love* did flow,
thus from your pierced Lord,
hen that the Father did againſt
his Fellow ſhake his *Sword*:
Which gave the reconciling Blow
(O here was Love indeed!)
n him the Victim of our Peace,
and we thereby were freed.

HYMN XII.

1. COME let's our dearest Jesus view,
that for our Sins was slain;
And gave himself for us, that we
might with him ever reign.
2. Our dearest Jesus, if a Taste
of Love be here so sweet,
What will it be when we shall with
our dear Beloved meet!
3. If now and then a *Smile* from thee
be sweet, that's quickly gone;
What will the Sight of Vision be
that never shall be done!
4. If we are taken to the *Mount*
one *Moment* while below,
If thou the Vail dost draw aside,
and us thy Glory show;
5. We then cry out, We're sick of Love,
and with thee long to be:
O then, how shall we burn with Love,
when Face to Face we see!
6. When Clouds shall interpose no more,
no Vail shall be between;
But we our dearest Lord shall see,
as we our selves are seen.
7. And we as reigning Kings and Priests,
shall *Hallelujah* sing
For ever to the reigning Lamb,
our now exalted King.
8 O now let's sing the Lamb's new Song,
and also him adore:

e Day is coming, we ſhall be
with him for evermore.

HYMN. XIII.

HOW beautiful upon the *Mount*
are they that *Peace* proclaim,
at unto *Rebels* offer *Grace*,
in their great Maſter's Name:
That unto *Captives* do declare
glad Tidings, and do tell,
o Sinners, there's a *Ranſom* found
to ſave their Souls from Hell!
Such joyful Tidings do bow down
ſtout ſturdy Rebels, and
ch Love and Grace doth Sinners make
in Admiration ſtand.
Mount *Sinai*'s fiery Law won't break
a Heart that's like a *Stone*;
's *flaming* Arrows at the Walls
of Braſs in vain are thrown.
'Tis only *Pardon* that doth melt,
and *Love* does *Sinners* draw;
Tis *Grace* doth quench the Thirſt of *Sin*,
and not the Threats o'th' *Law*.
What mean ſuch then, that Terror preach,
and *Sinai*'s Law proclaim?
ince 'tis not *Sinai*'s fiery Dart
will quench *Sin*'s Rage and Flame.
The Meſſage they are ſent withall,
that in *Chriſt*'s Name do go,
t is to offer *pard'ning Grace*,
to Sinners while they're ſo.

HYMN XIV.

1. RISE *Zion*, ſhine, thy Light is com
the glorious Day's begun:
These Beams we ſee ſo bright that be,
dart from the glorious *Sun*
2. Of Righteouſneſs, that riſing is:
the Day doth dawn apace:
The *Songs* of Praiſe we hear a-days
of Chriſt and his free Grace,
3. Are Tokens plain, the Lamb once ſla
is haſtning to his Throne:
The Bride doth ſay, Come, haſte away,
my dear beloved One.
4. The Saints rejoice; the Turtle's Voice
is heard within our *Land*:
The *hundred forty-four Thouſand*
do on Mount *Zion* ſtand.
5. And there they ſing to Chriſt their Kin
their Songs in ſuch a Strain,
That there are none, but thoſe alone
for whom the *Lamb* was ſlain,
6. Can learn the *Songs* the *Saints* do ſing;
the Song of *Moſes* now
Is laid aſide by the Lamb's Bride,
'cauſe 'tis a Note too low.
7. Ye taught Ones of the Lord, ſing Prai
to th' Lamb the Throne upon;
'Tis only he taught you and me
to ſing the Lamb's new Song.

HYMN XV.

O My Dove, that art in the Clefts,
within the Rocks that be,
nd in the ſecret Place o'th' Stairs,
where thou no Light canſt ſee;
Tho' thou art in the Dark, yet I
thy Countenance would ſee;
or it is comely, and thy Voice
moſt pleaſant is to me.
Give me therefore one Look of Faith,
my Siſter, and my Bride.
y Love, my Dove, my fair One, that
within the Rocks reſide,
My Love, my undefiled One,
tho' in the Clefts thou art,
nd in the dark, one Act of Faith
will ſteal away my Heart.
O! do not think my Heart is chang'd,
I am not like to thee:
lov'd thee ſo, I dy'd for Love,
when thou did'ſt not love me.
O hark my Soul! whoſe Voice is this,
that ſounds ſo pleaſantly?
is my Jeſus, that did once
for ſuch a Rebel die.
O Unbelief! thou Enemy,
what Stories didſt thou tell?
What Meſſage didſt thou bring to me?
was it not fram'd in Hell?
My Jeſus that did bleed for me,
when I a Rebel was,
His Heart's the ſame to me, as when
he hung upon the Croſs.

HYMN XVI.

1. THY *Names*, O Jesus! pleasant are
like Ointment poured forth:
It is by Christ alone, that we
deliver'd are from Wrath.
2. *Jesus*, his Name is called, and
it hath a pleasant Sound;
'Cause he doth save us from our Sins,
and our Rebellions drown.
3. His Name the *Lord our Righteousness*,
that hath a pleasant Sound;
That Garment covers all our Spots;
that Robe does wrap us round.
4. His Name our Advocate, also,
that soundeth pleasantly;
'Cause he doth live to intercede,
that once for us did die.
5. His Name our Passover, also,
that sacrificed was,
Is pleasant, 'cause his Blood be'ng seen,
Justice does o're us pass.
6. Like precious Ointment also is
his Name; a Stone that's try'd,
A precious Stone, thus Jesus is;
that for poor Sinners dy'd.

HYMN XVII.

1. O Worthy is the Lamb of God,
to be exalted in
The Hearts of the redeemed Ones,
'cause he saves them from Sin.

2. His Righteouſneſs reveal'd unto
the Soul, doth *Sin* deſtroy;
And *Jeſus* Death i'th' Conſcience is
Sin's Death immediately.
3. When Chriſt within the Soul (where Sin
did reign) his Grace diſplays;
Pardoning Grace doth Sin diſplace,
by its bright glorious Rays.
4. This glorious Son doth rule among
(by Righteouſneſs) his Foes;
This *Lamb* that's ſlain, deſtroys Sin's Reign,
and all that him oppoſe.
5. O Grace! rich glorious Grace indeed!
muſt Jeſus Death deſtroy
My Luſts and Sin that reign within?
O Grace! reign glorioufly.

HYMN XVIII.

1. IN Chriſt we Sin do overcome:
ſuch Sights do Sin deſtroy:
Pardoning Grace in Jeſus Face
doth fill the Soul with Joy.
2. Theſe Sights of Sin that we ſee in,
the Blood of Chriſt doth give
New Strength unto the Soul to go
to Chriſt, and ſo to live.
3. By th' Life of him that conquer'd Sin,
and did the Vict'ry gain:
Therefore away, and do not ſtay,
to the Lamb that once was ſlain.
4. Thus Chriſt reveal'd the Conſcience in,
deſtroys the Pow'r and Throne

Of Sin, that had uſurp'd within,
where Chriſt ſhould reign alone.
5. Come Saints, go forth with Courage th
your Lord hath got the Day;
And Sin hath ſlain, that Grace might rei
within your Souls alway.

HYMN XIX.

1. BRight burning Beams of Goſpel-Gr
haſte Lord for to diſplay,
For to burn up in all thy Saints
their *Stubble*, *Wood* and *Hay*.
2. Break forth, O Sun of Righteouſneſs
unto the perfect Day;
Haſte holy One unto thy Throne,
our *Jeſus* haſte away.
3. But oh! who may abide that Day,
when *Zion*'s King ſhall reign?
Who may abide when he the Pride
of all proud Fleſh will ſtain?
4. Tremble ye careleſs Ones that are
at Eaſe in *Zion*, and
Wonder, and ſtay becauſe that Day
is very near at hand.
5. It now doth dawn, this glorious Morn
beginning is t'appear;
What do mean elſe theſe Lowings, and
theſe Bleatings we do hear?
6. The Saints do ſing to Chriſt their Kin
whilſt others rage with Pain;
Becauſe o'th' bright, and daz'ling Light,
o'th' Lamb that once was ſlain.

7. Redeem

edeemed Ones, ſing Praiſes, for
is Fire's but to try,
purge your Droſs, that by its Loſs
hriſt may you purify.

HYMN XX.

THE Lamb of God is *Zion*'s King;
in Righteouſneſs he reigns.
Praiſes therefore, all ye Iſles,
ound forth triumphant Strains.
Iſles, break forth in Praiſes high,
our crowned King doth reign
King of Heaven, Earth, and Hell,
ecauſe he once was ſlain.
e reigns in Heav'n glorioufly:
the Lamb, Salvation,
unded forth continually,
the Angels round the Throne.
his Lamb doth alſo reign on Earth,
e Saints do Praiſes ſing;
Iſles do ſound the Praiſes of
ion's exalted King.
he Hay and Stubble of the Saints
nſum'd ſhall be away,
en this bright Sun of Righteouſneſs
eaks forth to perfect Day.
Hallelujah! let the Iſles
ng unto *Zion*'s King;
t unto them, Salvation
rough Righteouſneſs doth bring.

HYMN XXI.

1. COME Saints, and view eternal Lo
in its bright glorious Reign!
O see its Rays, and bright Displays
i'th' Lamb when he was slain.
2. The Deluge of electing Grace,
was broken up indeed,
And like an Ocean did run
through Christ, when he did bleed.
3. Infinite, true, almighty too,
Grace then appear'd to be;
By conquering Law, Hell, and Sin,
when Christ hung on the Tree.
4. Mount *Sinai*'s fiery Curses all
came smoaking on our Lord;
But Grace's Reign the Curse hath slain,
and snatch'd away the Sword
5. Of Justice, that so bright did flame,
no Sinner might come nigh:
But Grace did op'n the Heart of Christ,
and quench'd it presently.
6. Like *Sampson*'s Cords, our Sins did bin
our Jesus to the Tree:
But Grace like Fire consum'd them all,
and set our *Sampson* free.
7. O Silence Men, and Angels too!
what Grace is, none can tell;
Nothing but Jesus Blood can speak
electing Language well.

HYMN XXII.

COME, let us praiſe Electing Grace,
that choſe us when undone;
t did delight to make us bright,
nd therefore gave his Son
o ſpill his precious God-like Blood,
o purge us from all Stain;
l make us *Kings*, and *Prieſts* to God,
hat we might with him reign.
How did *Electing Love* diſplay
s Royal Scepter in
Blood of Chriſt, our great High-Prieſt,
hen he aton'd for Sin!
Oh Grace! rich, glorious Grace, indeed!
hat delug'd forth ſo free;
o' thoſe bright Purple Streams that ran
om Chriſt when on the Tree.
Come Saints, and view your pierced Lord,
hat you may mourn indeed:
! ſee what Streams of Love did flow
hro' Chriſt when he did bleed.
Then you aſham'd ſhall be, and loath
our ſelves for what you've done;
olding th' Father reconcil'd
o you, through's only Son.
And Sinners if you'd mourn aright,
ook to the Lamb that's ſlain;
ere're for Mourning elſe you look,
our looking is in vain.

HYMN XXIII.

1. THE Lord doth *Zion* found;
her Building muſt be ſtrong:
Jehovah is her Righteouſneſs,
God's her Salvation.
2. The Lord her Stones hath laid
in Colours that are fair;
And her Foundations alſo
of poliſh'd Saphires are.
3. *Jeruſalem* is built
with Towers all around:
We'll tell the Nations Meſſengers
the Lord doth *Zion* found.
4. God in her Palaces
is known a Refuge ſtrong;
A Cup ſhall ſhe of Trembling be
the Nations among.
5. All that againſt her fight,
weary themſelves in vain;
For in Mount *Zion* gloriouſly
King Jeſus he doth reign.
6. Therefore in *Judah*'s Land
we have this pleaſant Song:
We have a City very ſure,
God's her Salvation.
7. No Violence ſhall more
be heard at all in thee:
The Sons of thoſe that did oppoſe
ſhall bended Suppliants be.
8. They that deſpis'd thee too,
ſhall at thy Feet bow down,

And call thee by Jehovah's Name,
because of thy Renown.
9. The Sun ſhall be no more
by Day to thee a Light;
Jehovah he thy Light ſhall be,
thy God, thy Glory bright.
10. Thou in Jehovah's Hand
ſhalt be a precious Gem;
Yea, thou ſhalt be eternally
a Royal Diadem.
11. Forſaken thou ſhalt not
at all for ever be;
Becauſe Jehovah doth rejoice,
thy God doth joy in thee.
12. Therefore the Nations all
ſhall ſmitten be with Fear,
Becauſe *Jehovah-Shammah* is
her Name, the Lord is there.

HYMN XXIV.

1. WHAT ails the Nations angry be?
what Noiſe is this we hear?
The Goſpel takes away their Gods,
and that they cannot bear.
2. The Exaltation of the Lamb,
whoſe Glory's ſhining forth,
Hath theſe tumultuous Noiſes made,
and made the People Wroth.
3. The Saints begin to ſpeak in ſuch
an Evangelick Strain;
The Conſcience of the *Phariſee*
it fills with Rage and Pain.

4. The *hundred and forty-four Thousand*
in such a Strain do sing,
That none but the *redeemed* Ones
can touch upon that String.
5. The *Work-monger* he wonders why
the Saints do always sing,
And cannot bear their Triumph, 'cause
it doth his Conscience sting.
6. Come Saints, strike up your Songs of Pr
tho' Men and Devils join;
The *Scribe* and *Pharisee* also
together do combine.
7. It's all in vain, the Lamb is slain,
and lives for evermore:
We therefore sing unto our King,
and always him *adore*.

HYMN XXV.

1. SINNERS are sav'd alone by *Gra*
and *Works* excluded be;
Come Sinner, therefore come to Christ,
his *Robe* will cover thee.
2. Thou need'st not bring *Price* in thy Ha
thy *Works* must not come in;
Christ's Robe alone will hide the Spots,
and cover all thy *Sin*.
3. What tho' thy Sins be very great,
and of the deepest Dye?
There is no perishing for thee,
if thou to *Jesus* fly.
4. Sinners, have you a mind to Christ,
and make a Match with him?

Come then, tho' nothing in your ſelves,
ye have but Luſts and Sin.
3. *God* in the Goſpel offers *Grace*
to th' worſt of Sinners ſtill;
His *Royal Proclamation* is,
That *whoſoever* will,
6. Let him come drink of *pard'ning Grace*,
to quench Sin's fiery Rage:
Come taſte how gracious he is,
this will your Thirſt aſſwage.
7. And when you ſee God reconcil'd,
you'll ſee your Sins aright!
Free Grace will make *Sin* to appear
more *odious* in your Sight.

HYMN XXVI.

1. O God of Grace! in Jeſus Face
we ſee thee reconcil'd;
Thy Wrath him broke, he bore the Stroke,
on us our Father ſmil'd.
2. What *boundleſs* Love's the Father's Love!
no Tongue can it expreſs;
No Angel can this Myſtery ſcan
to *Sinners* in Diſtreſs.
3. What ſtrange prodigious Thing is this!
(we can't conceive't aright)
That *God* ſhould bruiſe his only *Son*
to do his Juſtice right!
4. O what is *Sin!* There's none can tell,
but God that's Infinite;
That God was pleas'd to cruſh his Son,
that was his Soul's Delight.

5. How ſtor'd with Love's the Heart
to Sinners here below, [Chri
That he ſhould thus degrade himſelf,
and Vengeance undergo!
6. How large with Love's the Heart
his *Soul* was ſtraitened; [Chri
'Till he had laid the Ranſom down,
and all was finiſhed.
7. What ready way t'th' Father now
is made by Jeſus Chriſt!
Continually he's on the Throne,
our interceding Prieſt:
8. Therefore do we continually,
from time to time again,
Aſcribe always, Bleſſing and Praiſe,
for evermore, Amen.

HYMN XXVII.

1. OUR Jeſus is that tender Plant,
that ſprings from higheſt Ground
Tho' *Adam*'s dead, Chriſt is our Head,
in whom our Fruit is found.
2. Our Jeſus is a green Fir-tree;
come let's ſit down, and reſt
Under his Shade: How pleaſant is
his Fruit unto our Taſte!
3. How pleaſant is his Shade to us?
he always us relieves;
His Fruit doth ſhelter, wrap us round,
not like to *Adam*'s Leaves.
4. Come! this is not forbidden Fruit;
No, no, you need not fear:

'Tis Jesus that doth bid you eat:
the Serpent is not here.
2. Our Jesus is our green Fir-tree,
in him our Fruit is seen;
In him our Fruit doth ne'er decay,
in him we're always green.
3. The Wind that bloweth where it lists,
doth now begin to blow;
Hark! How the South-wind shakes the
and makes it fall below. [Fruit,
4. Poor Sinners now begin to see
the Beauty of the Plant;
They see in him, laid up for them
whatever they do want.
5. Hark Saints! what Sinners say of him,
how they are by him mov'd:
As th' Apple-tree among the Trees,
so is our Dear belov'd.
6. Oh Sinners! Tell us what you ail,
what makes you thus to cry;
Our Jesus was not us'd to be
so pleasant in your Eye.
10. He's brought us to his Banquet-house,
to Grace he's brought us too;
His Banner over us was Love:
we know not what to do.
11. The Love of Jesus is so strong,
our Heart, our Bowels move:
Stay us with Flagons, our Belov'd;
we're sick of Love, of Love.
12. Blest be the Lamb for evermore,
the Lamb upon the Throne:

Oh! Bleſſed be our green *Fir-tree*,
in whom's our Fruit alone.

HYMN XXVIII.

1. HOW reigning Grace began to reign
from all Eternity;
And we the Subjects muſt be made
of it; Why we? oh why!
2. Who was before Eternity
to hinder Grace to reign,
Or hinder God to ſend his Son
us to redeem again?
3. Who ſpoke one Word when Jeſus ſaid,
I come to do thy Will?
Who him oppos'd when he came down
his God-like Blood to ſpill?
4. When thus our Jeſus came on Earth
to die, who hinder'd him?
Tho' Men and Devils all did cry,
Away, away with him.
5. Indeed when Death took hold of him,
the Grave it brought him to;
Two Days it held him in its Bonds,
the *Third* it let him go.
6. Oh! How did Men and Devils ſtrive
to get his Body dead?
The Devil bruiſing of his Heel,
hath got a broken Head.
7. Tho' Men his bloody Murtherers,
who did him crucify,
Who with a Spear did pierce his Side,
yet they were ſav'd thereby.

Oh Law of Sin! what haſt thou got?
O Satan! what haſt thou?
Free reigning Grace thro' Righteouſneſs
was *glorify'd* by you.
Altho' we fell as low as Hell,
from thence we are made free:
He broke the Bars of Death and Hell,
and thus eſcap'd are we.
Sinners, it's but a Folly then
to turn away your Face,
You'll certainly be overcome,
if once you deal with Grace.
Who'll hinder then when Jeſus calls?
what Devil will be there,
That can us hinder, when we mount
to meet the Lord i'th' Air?
Let's ſing to th' Honour of his Grace,
by which with Chriſt we reign;
When Jeſus comes the ſecond time,
we'll riſe and ſing again.

HYMN XXIX.

O Wounding Commendation!
God did commend his only Son,
That we might reconciled be,
And thro' his Wounds made nigh to thee.
Thou wicked Rebel was't the Man,
Which caus'd the Sword which Juſtice ran
Into his God-like Side, to miſs
Thine own, and pointed be at his.
But Love to us did make him cry,
While in this bitter Agony,

I am to be baptiz'd for ſome,
Oh, how I long to have it done!

4. O Love! O Lamb! we've ſeen thee bl
Our Pardons in thy Wounds we read,
And on thy Heart's Love! Love we ſp
In Characters of Purple Dye.

5. Oh Love! oh Grace! oh boundleſs L
'Twas it that did our Jeſus move:
And Love will draw, Grace will conſtr
To love our loving Lord again.

6. Amazing, melting, wounding Love!
Attracting, blazing from above;
Amazing Love our Souls has drown'd
They're ſcarcely in our Bodies found.

7. Oh! Let's lift up our dazled Eyes
To this amazing Sacrifice:
The Lamb once ſlain is now above,
And cloathed with eternal Love.

8. Honour, and Glory, and Renown
Be to the Lamb upon the Throne,
That once did die, that once was ſlain,
That ye might with him ever reign.

HYMN XXX.

1. BEhold th'Atonement's offer'd now
the Prieſt with Blood is gone
In th' Holy Place, and there appears
to keep Poſſeſſion.

2. Hark! How the Jubilee-trumpet ſound
which doth to us proclaim,
We can't ſell our Inheritance,
it comes to us again.

3. The Lot of our Inheritance
is ours, and moſt ſecure;
The Teſtament is writ, and ſeal'd
with Blood of Jeſus ſure.
4. You that have ſold your Heritage
for Want, or Poverty,
Come to your Lands, they are your own,
this is the Jubilee-cry.
5. Ye Captive Bond-ſlaves, come away,
that ſold your ſelves for nought;
The Jubilee ſounds, Ye are ſet free,
ye're not your own, ye're bought.
6. Honour and Glory be to him
who doth for us appear;
Let's always ſing, and reſt in him;
this is the *Jubilee-year.*

HYMN XXXI.

1. O Boundleſs, boundleſs Love!
our Father did commend;
Which in himſelf was found alone,
did not on us depend.
2. O independent Love!
oh rich electing Grace!
Which was hid in our Father's Heart,
ſeen in our *Jeſus* Face.
3. Oh Love unchangeable!
Oh Grace to ſuch as we!
Which no Reſpect to Perſons had,
tho' we polluted be!
4. What kind of *Love* is this
which thro' our Jeſus flows!

This

This boundleſs Love God from above
to us vile Rebels ſhows.
5. O Love! Eternal Love!
who can thy Bands untie?
The ſacred Dove ſays we are lov'd
to all Eternity.
6. We ſhall reſt in this Love,
Where're we come or go:
His Mercies ſure, do yet endure;
Let the Redeem'd ſay ſo:
7. Alluring Love indeed!
when we are brought ſo nigh,
To thruſt our Hands in Jeſus Wounds,
our Father's Love to ſpy.
8. Oh! Soul-amazing Love!
which melts our Hearts indeed:
Oh! our Beloved, we are ſick,
thy Love does ſo exceed.
9. Oh! melting Love indeed!
Oh bleeding Love! Oh Grace!
Love's broken thro' our Jeſus Sides,
each Drop of Blood cries *Peace.*
10. Where is that ſtony Heart
that will forbear to break?
If hard'ned we ſhould ſilent be,
ſure Rocks would melt and ſpeak.
11. We love to hear of Love,
becauſe he's loving been,
And this did clearly manifeſt
in blotting out our Sin.
12. Oh Love! Alluring Love,
Oh, melting Love indeed!

Oh Love! returning Love! will come,
we'll follow thee with Speed.

HYMN XXXII.

1. HERE's a *Physician* indeed!
His Life he layeth down,
His Heart's Blood he hath poured forth
to heal his Patient's Wound.
2. He knows the Sinner's Sickness, that
comes to him for Relief;
He knows all our Infirmities,
for he hath born our Grief.
3. What Love like this! What Love like this!
nothing can do us good;
Nothing can heal us of our Wounds,
but our Physician's Blood?
4. To cure poor Sinners Sicknesses,
must the Physician bleed?
Must our Physician's Heart's Blood run?
Oh bloody Cure indeed!
5. Look Sinners, don't you Jesus see
turning himself about;
Saying, Who is't that toucheth me?
for Vertue is gone out.
6. You that have touch'd his Robes to Day
cry out, *'Tis me, 'tis me.*
Behold, he saith, *Be of good Chear,*
thy Sins forgiven be.
7. Let's praise our great Physician then,
who thus for Sinners stood:
Who writ our Pardons by his Death,
and seal'd them with his Blood.

HYMN XXXIII.

1. WHO ſhall aſcend the Hill of Fait
the Holy Hill of God?
Who ſhall be worthy there to ſtand,
and there to have abode;
2. It ſhall be he, ſays Juſtice then,
whoſe Heart and Hand are pure:
He ſhall aſcend on high, yea, and
receive the Bleſſing ſure.
3. Lift up your Heads, ſays Jeſus then,
ye everlaſting Doors,
Stand open wide for me and mine,
for I have paid their Scores:
4. Whatever thou requireſt of them,
I have it here to pay.
Lift up ye Doors, I'll enter in,
come lift them up, I ſay.
5. Who is that King, ſays Juſtice then?
who is't that is ſo bold?
No Sin ſhall ever enter in,
that I'm reſolv'd of Old.
6 It is King Jeſus, then ſaith Grace,
of Heav'n and Earth the Lord;
Yet freely gave the God-like Breaſt
unto thy flaming Sword.
7. 'Tis he of whom thou didſt require
his Blood, yea, hadſt thy fill,
And now demands Poſſeſſion,
for his, of *Zion*'s Hill.
8. Is this the King? He ſhall come in;
let Juſtice Mercy kiſs;

Now I am fully satisfy'd,
I'll plead for him, and his,
9. The Voice cries out a second time
to Sinners yet in *Sin*,
Be lifted up ye Doors, and let
the King of Glory in.
10. Who is that King of Glory great?
the Sinner's Heart replies:
Who's this that speaks with such Command
saying, Ye Doors arise?
11. It's thy related Lord, and King,
which once was slain for thee,
And now is rose again, and cries,
My Sister ope to me.
12. Must I stand knocking here without?
what stony Heart hast thou
To let me waiting be, until
my *Head* is fill'd with Dew?
13. I'll put my Finger at the Door,
I'll stand no more without:
Now I am in, I'll tell my Queen
thy Sins I've blotted out.
14. This King of Glory let's exalt
who is ascended high;
By whose Ascension we shall have
o're Death the Victory.

HYMN XXXIV.

1. WHEN we were far estrang'd from God,
and cast out of his Sight; [God,
God plac'd the *flaming Sword* o'th' Law
to guard the Tree of Life.

2. But

2. But Jesus being one of us,
and of the Seed of Man;
To get eternal Life for us
Upon the Sword he ran.

3. Awake, O Sword! thus saith the Lord,
against the Man like me:
If thou will take Eternal Life,
Thy Heart's Blood I must see.

4. Thus Jesus did receive the Blow
into his glorious Side;
His Wounds and Blood have closed up
our Enmity so wide,

5. The Gates of Heaven are open'd wide,
now Sinners may come in,
For God to them is reconcil'd
all by the Blood of him.

6. The Sinner reconciled too
by Grace must be entic'd;
For God to them is reconcil'd,
by the rich Blood of Christ.

7. Come forth, ye Prisoners of Hope,
come forth, be not afraid;
The Blood of Christ has made you right,
and all your Debts hath paid.

8. Hark! hark! what God the Father says
the Sinner to entice,
Peace, Peace to them that are far off,
all by the Blood of Christ.

9. Hark! how the Blood of Christ cries Peace
i'th' Sinner's Conscience too;
When all your Works will bring no Peace,
the Blood of Christ will do.

10. Wh

10. What tho' the Sinner be far off
by his rebellious Sin,
The Place where Jesus Blood came out
the Sinner may come in.
11. Honour to him, who unto God
hath made us Kings and Priests,
We once far off, are now made nigh
by th' Blood of Jesus Christ.

HYMN XXXV.

1. O'Mazing Wisdom, and Decree!
That God's permissive Will should be,
To let us fall as low as Hell,
Altho' he loved us so well.
2. O glorious, dazling, reigning Grace!
Which shineth through our Jesus Face,
While we be all condemn'd to die,
Then reigning Grace does justify.
3. O glorious Will immutable!
When we deserve no less than Hell,
Rais'd from a Dunghill to a Throne,
Accepted through this Grace alone.
4. To glorify free reigning Grace,
Thine Image Satan must deface:
What Grace was here? our Image is
Made more conformable to his.
5. No Change can happen to us now,
In *Adam* this we did not know,
In dying now we do not die,
But die to live eternally.
6. O Height of Love! why we! why we!
Why shou'd we be thus sav'd by thee!

Oh

Oh Depth of Love! what Tongue can
He ſav'd us when as low as Hell.

7. O Breadth of glorious Pard'ning Grace
It is as large as e're it was:
O Length of Grace! reſolvedly
To love us from Eternity.

HYMN XXXVI.

1. HOW bleſſed are the called Ones
t'th' Marriage of the Lamb!
By eating of his precious Fleſh
they ſhall for ever ſtand.

2. His Heart and Soul they were the Pri
for which we purchas'd be,
And now he'll keep his Marriage-feaſt
with ſuch poor Duſt as we.

3. Oh! ſtand not knocking at the Door,
but break it open wide:
Come in our Jeſus, feaſt with us,
thy undefiled Bride.

4. Why ſtand'ſt thou knocking at the Doo
why knockeſt thou to Day?
Why wouldſt thou have the Upper Roo
Lord, what haſt thou to ſay?

5. I would come in to ſolemnize,
and celebrate with thee
My Marriage-Covenant and Feaſt;
my Dove, oh! ope to me.

6. Is this the thing why thou'dſt come in?
we can't bear thy Complaint:
My Love, my Choice, is this thy Voice?
our Souls are like to faint!

O Lord come in; thy Finger's in;
We feel our Locks to move,
We've heard thee say, Love come away
My Sister, and my Dove.
Come in thy Room thou bruised Lamb;
Tell us of Love to Day;
The Wrath thou'st born and undergone,
Ah! tell thy Dalilah.
Come with me then, my Love, my Dove,
Come view the cursed Tree,
Come view the Cross, see where I lost
All my Heart's Blood for thee.
Come view my pierced wounded Hands,
My bruised Sides come see,
My Feet that tripp'd o're Hills to bring
Tidings of Joy to thee.
Why should thy cursed Unbelief
Bring me again to die?
But believe, and I am thine
To all Eternity.

HYMN XXXVII.

JESUS our Shepherd's here to Day,
He in his Fold is come,
To take the weak Lambs in his Arms,
And feed the Ewes with young.
Altho' the weak Ones go astray,
They are yet dear to him,
Cause that God did on him lay
The Guilt of every Sin,
The strong Ones he enables more:
The weak that are behind

He

He takes up in his Bosom, and
their Wounds and Bruises binds.

4. The Lambs are in their Jesus Arms,
they hear his Bowels sound;
He keeps them close from any Harms:
their Hands are in his Wounds.

5. They are so near unto his Heart,
he hears their Cry and Moan;
His Bowels answer them, *My Grace*
sufficient is alone:

6. They will not keep i'th' Bounds of Grace
nor by the Waters clear;
But stray in the forbidden Grounds
of Doubting and Despair.

7. He brings them back again, and makes
himself a Wall about;
Salvation Banks on ev'ry side,
they may no more go out.

8. Their Pasture's green and flourishing;
for Grace doth ne're decay:
They cannot want, or hungry be,
except they go astray.

9. They that are weak, and cannot go,
they may lie down and rest,
Solace themselves in Pastures green,
and eat where they like best,

10. With eating they grow quick and strong,
they get the Feet of Hinds;
So they become the foremost Sheep,
and go no more behind.

HYMN XXXVIII.

OUR Father from Eternity
did see us in our Sin,
s boundless Grace did move him so
he call'd his Son to him.
Come my Delight, my Glory bright,
My Wrath thou must remove;
ere is a Company of Men
whom I do dearly love.
Now for Exchange, thou needs must
nd take their Sin on thee; (change,
y Righteousness, thy Merits shall
o them imputed be.
Then said the Son, *'Tis done, 'tis done!*
I come to do thy Will;
e I will fail a Jot thereof
my dearest Blood shall spill.
How did the Lord delight to see
th' Obedience of his Son!
ow smiled he his Soul to see
a Sacrifice become!
How pleas'd was he his Son to see
a bearing of the Wood!
il'd at the Wounds from whence ran down
his reconciling Blood.
At length he smil'd, when reconcil'd,
looks on his bruised Son;
olds out his Hand to Bankrupt Man,
and cries, *'Tis done! 'tis done!*
Now God and Man are reconcil'd,
the Enmity is done,

And

And meet before the Sacrifice
of Peace, his bruiſed Son.

HYMN XXXIX.

1. WHoſe *Body*'s this that's taken dow
from off the curſed Tree?
How comes it to be drench'd in *Blood*,
and full of Wounds to be?
2 Our deareſt Jeſus we would know,
why for us thou didſt die?
Why lay thy Body roll'd in *Blood?*
O tell us! tell us why!
3. O wouldſt thou know, my Love, my Dov
why I hung on the Tree;
I'll tell thee why: I had thoſe Wounds,
and bruiſed was for thee.
4. Thou ſay'ſt thou'rt ſick of Love; b
is all this Love of thine (wh
Compar'd to me? Thy greateſt Love
is nothing unto mine.
5. My boundleſs Love to thee hath been
ſo cruel unto me;
Yea, my Affections were ſo ſtrong
I dy'd with Love for thee.
6. Hadſt thou but heard how hard I begg'
The Father once for thee;
I would not be deny'd, but cry'd,
My Father give her me.
7. My bloody Body teſtifies
of boundleſs Love and Grace:
I will uphold thy Patience
'till thou haſt run thy Race.

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HYMN XL.

HEar now ye *Rebels*, ſaith the Lord,
Muſt I my Juſtice take in Hand?
uſt I go ſmite the *Rock* for you
with *Law*, which did you all condemn?
My Wrath and Indignation
which by this *Sin* was due to thee,
ave laid upon *Chriſt* my Son;
did ever any *love* like *me*?
I've teſtify'd my *boundleſs* Love
in ſmiting of my *Son* for *thee*;
hold, behold, Rebels behold,
did ever any *love* like *me*?
Nothing but th' *Blood* of my dear Son,
could take the Guilt of Sin from thee:
was for *thee* his Heart's Blood ran;
did ever any *love* like *me*?
The *Streams* of *Love* which *flow* thro' him
ſhall never leave, but follow thee
hro' all this Deſert Wilderneſs;
O Love, who ever *lov'd like me*?
Tho' thou ſhould'ſt turn to *Sinai*'s Mount,
to Bondage and Legality;
y *Grace* ſhall bring thee back again,
for never any *lov'd like me*.
Altho' thro' Pride thou ſhould'ſt rebel
againſt me in a high Degree,
y ſtreaming *Love* ſhall cover all:
O Love, who ever *lov'd like me*?
When thou art in *Deſertion*'s Deep,
pretending great *Humility*;

My ſtreaming *Love* ſhall flow down there
for never none did *love* like me.
9. My ſtreaming *Love* ſhall ne'er turn ba
but follow ſtreaming after thee,
Whilſt thou art overcome with *Love*,
and cry, Who ever lov'd like thee.
10. O Love! When ſhall I ſee the Rock,
from whence this Love ſtreameth to m
This ſtreaming Love doth make me lon
to ſee him, who ſo loved me.

HYMN XLI.

1. LET us behold our great *High-Prie*
when in the World he came,
Tempted in all things like to us,
that he might know our *Frame*.
2. Think it not ſtrange, tho' tic'd to do
of your *Adoption*,
He tempted was to doubt that he
was not his Father's Son.
3. Ye fainting Souls, why do you doubt
or wherefore do you doubt;
Has not the Blood of Jeſus ran?
your *Sin* is blotted out.
4. Would you have Jeſus die again?
no, he need die no *more*;
His Blood has croſs'd out all the *Debt*
that ſtood on Juſtice Score.
5. Why need we grieve the Heart of Chri
and put him to ſuch pain?
As if there were neceſſity
for him to *bleed* again.

6.

O give not place to *Unbelief*,
altho' we often fall;
For were there need he'd bleed *again*;
but there is none at all.
God sees no Sin to lay on him;
the Law can take no place;
Justice is fully satisfy'd,
witness his married Face.
Honour to him that made us Rich,
and made himself so Poor;
Pardon our Sin of *Unbelief*,
and let us doubt no more.

HYMN XLII.

TO us a Child is born,
a Son is given free:
Wonderful, Counsellor he is,
mighty to save is he.
To testify his *Love*,
our Flesh he putteth on:
Born of a Woman *Jesus* was,
and yet God's only Son.
He bore the heavy Stroke
of Wrath due unto *Sin*;
The Cup of Indignation he
drank off when to the *brim*.
He took our *Flesh* on him,
that sympathize he may
In all our Troubles, Sorrows, Wants;
Free Grace he still displays.
Was ever *Love* like this!
Jesus should thus provide

Such *Streams* of Love, and Grace, and m
the Channel in his *Side!*

6. Behold how he reveals,
O Sinner, this to thee;
Thou muſt believe, accept, receive;
not buy, for *Grace* is *free.*

7. All Praiſe to him above;
the Lamb as't had been ſlain:
T' th' *Prince* of *Peace Hoſannahs* give,
Hoſannahs yet again!

HYMN XLIII.

1. BEhold, my Jeſus comes,
I hear his bleſſed Tone;
He comes apace with all his Grace
to me, his deareſt One.

2. O how I hear his Voice!
he calls aloud to me,
Behold my *bleeding* Sides, my Love,
behold I dy'd for thee.

3. I have betrothed thee;
and in theſe Cov'nant-bands
I will keep thee: O! do but ſee
my bleeding Feet and Hands.

4. A Royal Robe I wrought
to cover thee with, and
To let thee ſee I loved thee,
I ſhew my Feet and Hands.

5. This Robe will cover all
thy Sins, tho' as the Sands
In number be; yet do but ſee
my bleeding Feet and Hands.

then did ſatisfy
my Father's full Demands,
en for *thee*, when to the Tree
hou nail'ſt my *Feet* and *Hands*.
I love thee ſtill, altho'
it puts thee to a ſtand,
ow it ſhould be I ſhould love *thee*,
hat *pierc'd* my *Feet* and *Hands*.
My *Father* now delights
o ſee thine *Image* ſtand,
pure and *white*, and *dazling bright*
n *me* at his right Hand.

HYMN XLIV.

CHRIST our High-Prieſt is gone,
for us now to appear,
ith *Blood* above, that pleads for *Love*;
ſtand by both Guilt and Fear.
Grace infinitely *free*,
his Blood did loudly tell:
is *ſtreaming Rock* the Lord hath ſmote,
doth ſpeak *Love*'s Language well.
Love dy'd it ſelf in *Blood*,
hat Sinners there might ſee,
at God's *eternal Love* through Chriſt,
s *infinitely free*.
Come *Sin* and *Satan* too,
your Threats we do diſdain;
d *Juſtice*, thou haſt nothing now
gainſt us: The Lamb is ſlain:
Thus *Grace* doth mount the Soul;
n Chriſt it ſet's it high;

And tho' in Sin 't has reeking been,
yet Grace doth bring it nigh.
6. And thus the Soul doth teach,
all Sin for to disdain,
Because by *Christ* 'tis made a *Priest*,
and purg'd from Spot and Stain.
7. O boundless Love of God!
who would not Grace adore,
That in the Flood of *Jesus* Blood
our Sin has cover'd o're?
8. O worthy is the Lamb,
that once was slain for me,
Eternally in Praises high,
ador'd and prais'd to be!

HYMN XLV.

1. WHAT Trumpet's this that sounds
such glorious Liberty,
To Sinners thro' the Blood of Christ;
and why not then for *me*?
2. *Jesus* dy'd to redeem
poor Sinners, and set free
The *worst* of *Traitors* by his blood:
and therefore why not *me*?
3. *Christ* dy'd to bring to God
such that at *distance* be,
The *Just* for the *Unjust* did die;
and why not then for *me*?
4. The Gospel offers *Christ*
to such that *Sinners* be;
Yea, free Redemption by his Blood,
why therefore not to *me*?

God did commend his *Love*
to ſuch that *Sinners* be;
ea, *Chriſt* for the *Ungodly* dy'd
and why not die for *me?*
Chriſt dy'd for none but ſuch,
'gainſt God that *Rebels* be,
nd Peace by *Blood* for *Sinners* made;
and why not Peace for *me?*
There's *Righteouſneſs* in Chriſt
moſt infinitely free,
or *needy* Sinners which was wrought;
and why not then for *me?*
And in this Righteouſneſs
Sinners *Angels* out-ſhine;
covers all their fouleſt Spots;
and why not cover *mine?*
So that God's holy Eye
no *Spots* in them can ſee,
his Garment white, it ſhines ſo bright:
and why not ſhine on *me?*

HYMN XLVI.

BEhold, my Soul, thy *lovely Lord*,
hung *bleeding* on the Tree:
O! view my Soul the *Heart* of *Chriſt*
by Juſtice *rent* for *thee.*
O! what ſtupendious, boundleſs Love,
is this that *flames* ſo bright;
hat *Jeſus*, he ſhould die for *me*,
that I in Juſtice ſight,
Should in this glorious God-like *Robe*
before the Throne appear,

That *flaming Holineſs* it ſelf
need not to make me fear.
4. O curſed *Unbelief*, ſtand by,
thou *Sulph'rous* Smoke of Hell,
For in this Dreſs, (*Chriſt's Righteouſneſs*)
Juſtice doth like me well.
5. O *lovely Jeſus*, Take the Praiſe,
who thus adorn'ſt thy Bride:
This Righteouſneſs I do poſſeſs
doth in thy *ſelf* reſide.
6. O *altogether lovely* Lord!
what Tongue can ſilent be?
Thou Faireſt of ten Thouſand art;
for none is like to *thee*.

HYMN XLVII.

1. WHY doſt thou hide thy Face?
our *Jeſus*, tell us why:
Didſt thou not love with *ſuch* a Love
that *Love* caus'd thee to *die*?
2. Thy *bleeding Sides* do tell
Love's *Stories* pleaſantly:
Therefore why hideſt thou thy *Face*?
our *Jeſus*, tell us why!
3. We're *Bone* now of thy Bone;
to *thee* we are made nigh:
Thou hid'ſt *thy ſelf* now from thy *ſelf*!
O therefore tell us why?
4. My *undefiled One*,
doſt thou enquire of me,
Why is't that I ſo frequently
do *hide* my *Face* from *thee*?

5. O

O! 'tis my Love to thee
that's always in a flame,
That cauſes me to hide from thee,
altho' my *Heart*'s the ſame.
When from thoſe *living Streams*
from me that run ſo *free*
Thou turn'ſt *aſide*; O then, my Bride,
I hide my ſelf from *thee*.
When thou doſt live upon
my *Jewels* fair and bright,
And them doſt take, and *Idols* make,
and ſet up in my ſight;
My Love to *thee's* ſo *great*,
their Emptineſs to ſhow;
turn aſide from thee, my Bride,
that thou may'ſt learn to go
Unto the *Fountain Head!*
and drink abundantly,
Out of thoſe red and purple Streams
that have their Source from *me*.

HYMN XLVIII.

MY *Jeſus* he is *all* to me,
what e're my Soul can crave;
Fountain free's my Chriſt to me,
that I no Want can have.
My *Jeſus* he is Strength to me,
when I do fainting lie;
He's *Health* in Sickneſs, Life in Death,
in War, he's *Victory*.
In Famine he is Food to me,
in Thirſt he's *Royal Wine*;

No Want can be attending me
since *Jesus* he is mine.
4. My Jesus he is Light to me
when I in Darkness go:
Such *Fulness* in my *Jesus* is
that I no Want can know.
5. My *Jesus* he is *Liberty*
when Bondage doth oppress:
Tho' I in Sin have reeking been,
my Christ is *Righteousness*.
6. When Sorrows compass me about
my *Christ* is Peace and Joy;
When Wrath and Sin do rage within,
my Christ is Victory.
7. When *Satan* throws his flaming Dart,
my Christ a *Hold* is strong,
A *Refuge* he is then to me,
and my *Salvation*.

HYMN XLIX.

1. O! What a Fountain of *Delight*
is *Christ* the Son of God?
What *pleasant* Streams this Rock did run,
when smote by Justice Rod!
2. O Love! *eternal* Love and Grace!
whose *Depths* we cannot know,
Which we saw run thro' God's own Son,
and thro' his Blood to flow.
3. We view'd with Pleasure and Delight
this streaming *Rock* so free;
We saw the *Lord* his *Fellow* smite
for us upon the Tree.

O ſtand amaz'd ye Train above,
can this be underſtood,
hat *God*'s eternal Grace and Love
ſhould flow thro' *Jeſus* Blood?
Did we not in the *Wounds* of Chriſt
the Father's *Heart* behold?
ath not our deareſt Jeſus *Blood*
delightful Tydings told?
Theſe *wounded* Hands and Feet we ſee
(by Faith) upon the Tree,
oudly proclaim we're *Kings* and *Prieſts*
unto Eternity.

Select HYMNS:

FOR THE

LORD'S TABLE.

BOOK III.

HYMN I.

OUR *Lord* and *Head* we ſaw did fall
a Sacrifice for us;
e by his Stripes are *heal'd*, whilſt *he*
was bruis'd and wounded thus.
Some for a *Friend* would, may be, die,
but who would for a *Foe*?

Yet

Yet *Jesus* pour'd his Soul to Death
for *us* whilst we were so.

3. Behold how great this dying Love,
O here was Love indeed
To manifest such boundless Love,
the Son of God must bleed!

4. How did *Whips*, *Nails* and *Thorns* tear off
and rend his blessed Flesh!
We in his Ordinance now saw
our bruised Lord afresh.

5. But, Oh, how was his *wounded* Soul
by *mighty* Vengeance rent!
What Tortures from his Father's Hand?
what *Pangs* he underwent?

6. 'Twas Love to *Rebels*, such as we
made him to undergo,
(Tho' in himself most innocent,)
such *Tortures*, *Pain*, and *Woe*.

7. O Hearts of Flint, why don't you melt
bow down our Souls, bow down;
Let such amazing *Grace* prevail:
O, let it wear the *Crown*.

8. Awake, Awake, our Souls to love,
to love this lovely One:
And everlasting Praises sing
to him upon the Throne.

HYMN II.

1. HOW did the glorious *Heaven* smile
When God to Man was reconcil'd
How he his Rebels did devise
Should meet him in a *Sacrifice*!

2. H

He on a *bruised* Jesus swore,
He would be wroth with him no more;
No, nor with us that are in *Christ*,
Our representing great *High-Priest*.
In Christ's *divided Parts* he meets,
And there with Love eternal greets;
Enriches them with glorious Grace,
And everlasting Arms embrace.
By wondrous Commutations, thus
He caus'd the Vengeance due to us
Fall on *his* Son, who in our stead
For us obeyed, dy'd and bled:
His barbed Arrows stuck *him* through,
Whilst we escape the deadly Blow:
Thus he was pleas'd to bruise his Son,
Lest wretched we should be undone.

HYMN III.

1. HOSANNAH to the Holy One!
Unto the *Lamb* upon the Throne;
Come let us *Hallelujah* sing,
Unto the great immortal King!
2. He sav'd us with his *God-like Blood*:
He wash'd us in that purest Flood!
Our Conscience bath'd hath in that *Bath*,
And *purg'd* out thence Sin, *Hell*, and *Wrath*.
3. We feed on him our Flesh and Bone;
Thereby embodied into one;
In him made one with's Father too:
Who can this God-like Glory shew!
4. How did the Father take delight,
His *dearest* Son to bruise and smite,

To

To free us from the helliſh Snare!
O! glorious *Love* beyond compare!

5. He now the choiceſt *Wine* let's run,
And feeds with us upon his *Son*:
His *Spikenard* caſts a pleaſant Smell;
O! let us in his Praiſes dwell!

6. We at his *Table* drank and eat;
We fed were with the *fineſt* Wheat:
What choiceſt Dainties did he diſh?
O! was there ever Love like this!

7. What taſte in Heaven hath this Cheer,
If that ſo pleaſant it be here?
Where we ſhall Drink the neweſt Wine
What manner, O! of Love is thine!

8. *Hoſannah! Hallelujahs* ring!
O *beauteous* Jeſus! *glorious King!*
Bottomleſs Love, *O boundleſs* Grace!
O Glory, Glory, Glory, Praiſe!

HYMN IV.

1. THE Story of *eternal* Love
the Spirit told by *Bread* and *Wine*,
That boundleſs, everlaſting Love
that thro' a dying Chriſt did ſhine.

2. *We* do ſhew forth his Death below,
and he ſhews forth his Death above:
He, to keep flowing down his Grace,
and we to ſee, rejoice, and love.

3. *Melchizedeck* did *Abram* meet,
with Bread and Wine, the King's b'ing (ſlain,
But our *Melchizedeck* meets us
whilſt in the heat of Wars and Pain.

4. This ſpeaks unfathom'd Love indeed,
Love from Eternity begun:
A boundleſs Current in a Round,
that to Eternity will run.
5. *Chriſt* loves and pours his Soul to Death,
the more the *Father's* Heart doth move
To *Chriſt*; and Chriſt doth love the more,
O! here's a glorious Round of Love!
6. 'Tis in this Love we're ſwallow'd up
and ſhall be ſwallow'd in for aye,
This is the Ocean, Banner, Shade,
this is the bright eternal Day.
7. This God of Love in *Chriſt* belov'd;
this God of *Grace* we will adore,
We'll praiſe, and honour, and admire
now and henceforth, for evermore.

HYMN V.

1. *Raviſhing* Mercy! *wondrous* Love!
O! come and taſte and ſee;
O wretched Sinner, as I am;
did Jeſus die for *me?*
2. *Eternity* will ſcarce ſuffice
t' admire this great Decree,
'Twas from *Eternity* decreed
that *Chriſt* ſhould bleed for *me.*
3. What Stories of eternal Love,
Chriſt's bleeding Sides do tell!
Love's great *Epiſtle* he did write
in Lines of *Blood* ſo well.
4. His Mercy, Goodneſs, Grace, and Love
flow'd in thoſe purple Streams,

To *us* that so rebellious were!
we seem like those in Dreams.
5. Ravishing Food, delicious Wine,
the *Flesh* and *Blood* of Christ!
With Joy and Strength we feed upon
the Sacrifice and Priest.
6. O, Hallelujah, Glory, Power,
and Honour be to thee;
Thy God and Father, and ours too,
and Spirit eternally!

HYMN VI.

1. WE drunk the *Wine*, the Fruit o'th
the *Vine* that is most true; (*Vine*
Hereafter we with Christ shall be,
and then shall drink it *new*.
2. These are the Dainties of *Free Grace*,
and *Love*'s delicious Fare;
The Flesh and Blood o'th' Son of God:
O Love beyond compare!
3. His God-like Death for us hath wrought
a *Garment* bright and fair,
In which we're spotless, without Fault:
O Love beyond compare!
4. He comes to *reign*, *Hell* is in Pain,
their Teeth the Wicked gnash;
Our Lord is nigh, and they shall feel
his *Rod* and *Iron-lash*.
5. But underneath his Shadow, we
shall of his Bounty share,
Ravish'd with Kisses of his Love:
O, what a Feast is there!

Fain would we be at Home with *thee*
our *dearest Jesus*, fain;
That in th' Embraces of thy Love,
we *ever* might remain.

Love and Free Grace, come, move apace;
with Love heart-sick we be:
O Soul-amazing, shining Love!
O, why to such as we?

HYMN VII.

WHAT glorious *Sacrifice* is this,
our Lord and we do feed upon!
O, what a Banquet's this of Love,
to feed upon his only Son!

To eat of his most glorious Flesh,
O, this is heav'nly Manna indeed,
To have Communion with that Blood
the *Son* of *God* for us did bleed!

United to the Son of Man
with the great God we Union have;
Whatever in the Name of Christ
we ask, we certainly shall have.

He prays for *us*, we pray in *him*,
we rule and triumph in our Head:
Our mutual *Animosities*
did *bleed* to Death with him that bled.

Then let us meet with our dear Lord,
i'th' reconciling Sacrifice:
Cast our rebellious Weapons down
at his blest Feet, if ye are wise.

Hosannah to the God of Love,
Hosannah to the Highest One,

Hoſannah to the Prince of Life,
that ſits with Pow'r upon the Throne!

HYMN VIII.

1. NEv'r did the *Glory* of free Grace
ſo ſhine as in our *dying Friend*,
When he Tranſgreſſion finiſhed,
and of *Sin* fully made an end.
2. Behold, how God the *Father* lov'd;
behold how *Jeſus* lov'd indeed!
'Twas *Love* to us triumph'd o're all,
when that the *Lamb* of God did bleed.
3. Our Garments whiten'd with his *Blood*,
his *Love*, how pleaſant is the Shade!
Thus in the Fountain bath'd are we,
and *Kings* and *Prieſts* to God are made.
4 O never, never, did high Love
ſo *greatly* flow and ſtream afore,
As it flow'd from our Jeſus *Sides*,
and ſtream'd forth in his purple Gore.
5. O! fill us, fill us with thy Love:
we thirſty are; let's drink our fill:
Let's quench our Thirſt in *pard'ning Blood*,
in pard'ning Blood our Lord did ſpill.
6. Our *deareſt!* deareſt! deareſt Friend!
our *precious* Huſband! lovely! ſweet!
Let's hang in thy Embraces, Lord;
let's waſh, and wipe, and kiſs thy Feet.
7. Thou *overcomeſt* with thy Love,
O! thou doſt *raviſh* with thy Grace,
Behold, how beautiful and bright,
the Glory of thy lovely Face;

O let's admiring always ſtand!
O let's adoring proſtrate fall!
boundleſs, free, rich, glorious Grace
in *Chriſt!* and Chriſt is *all* in *all*.
Eternal Glory, Thanks and Praiſe
be to our Husband, and our Lord:
till let us celebrate his Praiſe,
and glorious Acts with one Accord.

HYMN IX.

TELL us, O *Jeſus*, doſt thou love?
and doſt thou love indeed?
Why do we aſk? did we not ſee
thy Love juſt now to *bleed?*
What greater *Love* than *bleeding* Love
O Love moſt raviſhing!
This *Song* of Love when we're above
we ſhall for ever ſing.
We ſaw thy Love flow from thy *Heart*,
now in thy *Blood* that ſtreams;
was ſuch *overcoming* Love,
we were like thoſe in Dreams.
O! who can tell the *Heart* of Chriſt
in all his Glory now,
To his *belov'd*, *diſtreſſed* Ones,
in midſt of Storms below?
Thy Heart's the ſame as e're it was,
as *full* of Love and Grace?
There's the ſame Pity as e're was
in thy *exalted* Face.
Why muſt we turn away our Eyes,
thine Image we do bear:

O,

O, what does ravish thee? it is
thy Beauty which we wear.
7. If *Beams* from thee that dart on us
so sparkling be and bright;
What must the *Sun* it self be to
the Darkness of the Night?
8. Who can behold thy Glory, Lord,
thy glorious Love who can;
Eternity it self is not
sufficient it to scan.
9. *Flame* out our Love with hottest Flames
to our *beloved* Lord:
Rest under his Love's Shadow, which
surpasses *Jonah*'s Gourd.
10. The World's a stormy raging Sea,
let's harbour in his Love;
Thence we shall laugh at Storms and Waves
no Tempest shall us move.
11. Now him that is our safe Retreat,
and him that is our Peace,
Let's love and honour, praise, admire,
and let us never cease.

HYMN X.

1. HOW *clean* are we, now we are *bath'd*
in *Jordan*'s living Flood;
What shining Kings and Priests we stand
wash'd in Christ's God-like Blood!
2. The Lamb wi'th' midst o'th' Throne of
us now hath freely fed;
And by his Spirit down hath sent
from Heav'n the living Bread.

The living Streams o'th' upper *Springs*
he freely did beſtow;
We of the *Fountain* freely drank
that from his Heart did flow.
He bids us drunken be with *Loves*,
with Loves ſo bottomleſs;
With Loves that ſtream ſo freely down,
(the *Ocean* not the leſs.)
The *lovely Jeſus* is *all* Love,
all Mercy, Truth, *all* Grace;
He's white and ruddy: Majeſty
and Meekneſs fill his Face.
Sing *Hallelujahs* to the Lamb!
the *Lamb* moſt pure and bright:
Whoſe Voice does thunder from the *Throne*,
whoſe Eyes are flaming Light.
Let's love, admire, adore, embrace
this lovely One ſo fair;
Whoſe *Grace* and *Perſon* all tranſcends,
and are beyond compare.

HYMN XI.

BEhold our *Well-beloved*'s come,
more excellent than Mounts of Prey
O're mighty Hills of Unbelief,
and Guilt of Sin, he pav'd his Way.
He like the *Roe* has nimbly tripp'd
to ſhew to us his glorious Face;
And thro' the Lattice of his *Fleſh*
darts down on us his Father's Grace.
Hark, hark, how our *Beloved* ſpeaks,
what raviſhing, what melting Voice!

He

He ſays, Riſe up my *Love*, my *Fair*,
mine and my Father's only Choice.
4. Riſe up my *Faireſt*, come away,
riſe, follow me, Dove, without fear;
The dark diſtreſſing *Winter*'s o're,
the pleaſant *Spring* does now appear.
5. The *Birds* do ſing, my Children ring
moſt joyous *Peals* of my free Grace;
The *Flowers* appear, their Graces are
moſt ſhining bright, each in its place.
6. The *Turtle*'s Voice is in our Land;
the deſpis'd Goſpel does break forth,
Singing in the midſt of you,
and cauſes many a heav'nly Birth.
7. The *Fig-tree* putteth forth green Figs,
for numerous your *Converts* are;
Your *tender Grapes* give a good ſmell;
your Converts Grace is choice and rare
8. Lord what are *we*, thy Love, thy Fair?
ſuch filthy wretched Ones as *we?*
O Love! O Love! O wondrous Grace!
come, we'll ariſe and follow *thee*.
9. Great things thine Arm hath done 'mong
ſuch Love and Favour did'ſt thou ſhow
Who would not riſe and follow thee?
ſuch *mighty Cords* of Love do draw.
10. Now to our *well-beloved* Lord,
let's ſing a well-tun'd Song of Praiſe:
Glory and Honour let's aſcribe,
O let's aſcribe to him always.

HYMN XII.

O *Choiceſt* Banquet! *rareſt* Wine!
O Soul-reviving *Blood!*
O Table well-ſpread with heav'nly Bread!
O *moſt delicious* Food!
What glorious Company were here!
the *Father*, *Spirit*, *Son*,
And a great *Troop* of ſhining Ones
embodyed into *one.*
O Grace, free Grace, rich glorious Grace!
Foundation and Top-ſtone
in great *Redemption*'s Building, and
its *Cementing* alone.
O Mercy, Goodneſs, Peace diſh'd up!
O glorious Bill of *Fare!*
O Love, the Garniſhing of all,
O Love beyond compare!
Who would not love thee King of Saints,
who would not love thee, Lord?
Thy *Perſon* is all beautiful;
how Honey-ſweet thy *Word!*
Who would not praiſe thee, *Zion*'s King;
and trumpet forth thy Fame!
Who art with richeſt Glory 'ray'd,
how well perfum'd thy Name!
Still Honour, Glory and Renown
be given unto thee:
Hoſannahs, *Hallelujahs*, ſing
to all Eternity.

HYMN

HYMN XIII.

1. DEAR Lord, we in thy Comeline
like *Sharon*'s Roſe, do ſmell and bu
And like the *Lilies* of the Vale,
appear moſt beautiful and good.
2. Hark, hark, what our *dear* Lord replie
As *Lilies* ſhoot up among Thorns,
So does my Love, my Church, my Spou
in ſight of falſe Profeſſors Harms.
3. *Thoſe* that *themſelves* my *Daughters* call,
like *prickling Thorns* would *ſtab thee* thro
Yet mid'ſt thoſe thorny Daughters, thou
ſhalt like the *Valley's Lily* grow.
4. Thanks, deareſt Jeſus; are we then
i'th' midſt of *Thorns*, thy *Fair*, thy *Do*
How art thou like the *Apple-Tree*,
the Glory of the ſhady *Grove?*
5. As pleaſant *Pippins* among *Crabs*,
ſo 'mong the Sons is our Belov'd;
Fairer than all the Sons of Men,
the perfect *Captain* well approv'd.
6. We thy refreſhing Shadow had,
thy covering *Righteouſneſs* and Love;
We ſhall with conſtant Joys be fill'd,
if here we ſit and never move.
7. And here we eat thy pleaſant Fruits,
thy pleaſant Fruits of Righteouſneſs;
How pleaſant to our *Taſte* are theſe,
Aſſurance, Peace and Quietneſs.
8. Pleas'd with the *Goodneſs* of theſe *Fruit*
let us our Donor praiſe and bleſs;

ur dearest Husband, Lord and Head,
Jehovah our great Righteousness.

HYMN XIV.

O Love, O boundless Love of God!
stupendious Love and Grace,
e in a *bleeding* Jesus saw,
we saw in Jesus *Face*.
The *King* of Glory has been here,
revealing mighty Love,
Conscience-banquets, feasting with
his undefiled *Dove*.
Hark in what *tend'rest* Speech of Love
he doth his Heart *bewray*;
y Love, my Dove, my Undefil'd,
make haste and come away.
The *Winter*'s past, the *Rain* is gone,
the *Flowers* do appear,
e time is come for *Birds* to sing,
the Turtle you may hear.
The *Fig-tree* glorious in green Figs,
in tender Grapes the *Vine*;
ise my Love, my fair One, come
and drink my *spiced* Wine.
I am into my Garden come,
my Sister, and my Bride;
e brought my *Honey*, Myrrh and *Spice*,
my *Milk* and *Wine* beside.
Come eat, O Friends, yea, welcome to
these Dainties from above;
loved, drink abundantly,
come drink large Draughts of Love.

8. Open to me, my Love, my Dove,
my Sister undefil'd;
My *Locks* with fruitful Drops o'th' Nig
my *Head* with Dew is fill'd.
9. Let us be wise, and now arise;
what Language, Lord, is this!
In Words so ravishing dost thou
thy self to us express?
10. O let's arise and follow thee,
lest thou withdraw'st again;
And we thy Absence several Years
mourn and deplore in vain.

HYMN XV.

1. THey're *Songs* of *Love* they sing abo
and why not we like them?
No Tongue be dumb; for we are come
to th' New *Jerusalem.*
2. Clad now with white and shining brig
Garments of *Righteousness*;
Girdles of Gold our Lions do hold,
and bind on fast our Dress.
3. We stand upon that Ocean,
that glassy, fiery Sea;
The Blood of *Christ*, that great High-pri
the Spirit does apply.
4. Let's touch the *golden Harps* of God
with *Wire* immortal strung;
And let us sing to our great King,
let's sing the Lamb's new Song.
5. Thanks be to thee, the Victory
we have obtain'd o're Sin;

A

nd Father, thou haſt made us more
than *Conquerors* in him.
This crucified Lord let's praiſe,
and magnify his Worth;
his bleſſed Branch of *Jeſſe*'s Stem,
his Glory let's ſet forth.
Immortal Honour, Wiſdom, Strength,
unto the Lamb are due;
his bleeding Lamb, this reigning Lord,
this holy, righteous, true.
This heav'nly *Manna*'s to our Taſte,
like Cakes of Honey ſweet:
ow pleaſant is this ſtreaming Rock,
which ſtill our Paths doth meet?
Come Jeſus move, we're ſick of Love;
why ſtay thy Chariot-wheels?
e pine away while thou doſt ſtay,
our Souls thy Abſence feel.
Thy Mouth's ſweet *Kiſs* let us not miſs,
thy Love tranſcends all Wine;
t oh! what Muſick do we hear
when thou ſay'ſt, *I am thine!*
Still let's have more, ſtill more of thee,
we ne're enough can have:
r. *Jealouſy*'s as ſtrong as *Death*,
as cruel as the *Grave*.
Dominion, Power, and Majeſty,
Thankſgiving, Glory, Praiſe,
endleſs Songs, *Angelick* Strains,
and never ceaſing Lays,
Be unto him that *loved* us,
and *waſh'd* us with his *Blood*,

And made us *Kings* and *Priests* unto his Father, and our God.

HYMN XVI.

1. WHO's *this* that *doth* from *Edom* co with Garments dyed *Red*,
With *Scarlet* Robes from *Bozrah*, he,
O how apparelled!
2. That travels in his mighty Strength? what Answer was't he gave!
'Tis I that speak in Righteousness, and Mighty am to save.
3. Why's thy Apparel *colour'd* so, thy Garments dyed *Red*,
Like them that in the Vintage work, or do the Wine-fat tread?
4. The *Wine-press* of his Father's Wrath he all alone hath trod;
O'th' People there was *none* with him when he was smote of God.
5. Awake, O *brandish'd* Sword of God, against my only Son,
Tho' Spotless he and Innocent, no Violence has done:
6. He's as a Lamb to th' Slaughter led, yea, as a shearing Sheep
He quietly yeilds up his Breath, and still doth Silence keep:
7. He freely did to Death submit, and did most willingly
Pains, Tortures, Lashes, Stripes endure, for *Rebels* such as we.

HYM

HYMN XVII.

IMmortal Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
Strength, Wiſdom, Riches, Might,
to the reigning *Lamb* above,
hat dwells in brighteſt Light.
To him that *waſh'd* us in his Blood,
who having lov'd us firſt;
him that was made *Sin* for us,
nd was for us accurſt.
Who feeds us with his God-like Fleſh,
nd makes us drink his Blood;
iting Faith moſt choicely feeds,
and drinks the Wine that's good.
Who would not love thee, deareſt Lord,
moſt lovely, bright, and fair?
y Love to us, all Love tranſcends;
thou art beyond compare.
How pleaſant was this Fruit to us,
and Language full of Grace,
lightful was the *Company*;
how lovely was his Face!
O *well-beloved* Jeſus, fill'd
with Glory, Grace and Truth:
Grace is pour'd upon thy Lips:
thou haſt the Dew of Youth.
O when ſhall we come unto thee,
home to our *Father*'s Houſe;
here thou'lt refine the *choiceſt* Wine
for thy beloved *Spouſe*?
Who would not Honour and Admire?
who would not thee Adore?

Who would not throw their *Crowns* below
down proſtrate thee before?
9. Haſte *ſweeteſt* Jeſus, haſte away,
thy rightful Throne aſcend,
Poſſeſs the *Nations*, fill the *Church*
with Glory without End.

HYMN XVIII.

1. BEhold the *bleeding* Lord of Life,
planted with Arrows like a Grove;
Planted with Darts of *Vengeance* thus;
O Friends, what manner then of *Love*!
2. Wounded by his dear *Father*'s Sword;
betray'd moſt falſly with a Kiſs;
By Kinſmen, Followers, *murther'd* thus?
what manner, O! of *Love* is this,
3. Behold the bloody Clodders fall;
his pierced Sides, and Temples bleed:
For *Sinners* thus he's drench'd in's Blood;
and is not this then *Love* indeed!
4. Behold the Anguiſh of his Soul;
thy *Sword*, O Juſtice, ſtabs him thro';
For *us*, vile *Rebels*, this he bore:
how did our Jeſus *Love*! O how!
5. To Torments thus reſigns his Soul:
our Huſband dearly purchaſes
A filthy and a wretched *Bride*;
what manner, O! of *Love* was this!
6. To die for worſt of Enemies;
O! this was an amazing Friend!
What manner, Lord, of *Love* was thine!
how didſt thou boundleſs Love commend

7. Th

The Father bruis'd his darling Son,
and took delight to wound him ſore;
ur Father's Love unto us ſhone
thro' the ſlain Jeſus purple Gore.
His Sorrows, Anguiſh, Blood, and Death,
Electing Grace did cauſe to ſhine:
hat, bruiſe for *us* thy *darling* Son!
What manner, O! of Love was *thine!*
O *here* is Love! *here's* Love indeed!
eternal and electing Love:
Love that does no *Limits* know,
that *never* changes, *never* moves.
. Whate're we do, this boundleſs Love
runs an *eternal* Stream of Bliſs;
he Floods of Sin this Love can't quench;
what manner, O! of Love is this!
. *This* Love the greateſt Torments bore;
this Love did groan, this Love did bleed;
ur Lover thus wept *bloody* Tears:
Behold, how Jeſus lov'd indeed!

HYMN XIX.

GOD from *Eternity* decreed,
to *Feaſt* in Love with *us* this Night,
o feed with *us* now on his Son;
and *Father*, ſo thou took'ſt Delight.
And didſt thou ſet him then *apart*
to be the *Victim* of our Peace,
wearing on *him* by thy great Self,
thy Love to *us* ſhould *never* ceaſe?
Then *our* dear Jeſus ſwore for us,
we ne're rebel ſhould as *afore*;

And that recover'd we ſhould ne're
deface his Glory any more.

4. All his Engagements and his Bonds
were ſealed by his dying *breath*:
Our Peace and Life are ratify'd
unalterable in his *Death*.

5. We now renew our League with thee,
claſp'd in thy reconciled Arms:
We in our bleeding Jeſus ſaw
thy Love, and Mercy's potent Charms.

6. How *fat* the *Feaſt*! how rich the *Wine*
how *pleaſant* was the *Company*!
We fed on *Chriſt*, we drank his *Blood*
whilſt with us ſat the glorious Three.

7. Adored Goodneſs! raviſh'd Love!
in Streams of Love let's dip us then;
The Fountains of the mighty Deeps
break up and deluge o're agen.

8. To Heav'n our Faith was mounted up;
we are impatient of Delay:
Thy coming haſten Lord to us,
or let us haſte to thee away.

9. Why doth thy *Chariot*, (*pav'd* with Gra
and Love) ſo ſoft, ſo ſlowly move?
Mean while with Flagons comfort us:
dear Jeſus we are ſick of Love.

HYMN XX.

1. SING *Hallelujahs* to the Lamb,
that reigns for evermore!
Who made us ſpotleſs by his Blood,
and very bright all o're.

2. O

Our Tongues be then the Spirit's Pen,
that readily may write;
o ſound aloud the Lamb's high Praiſe,
the *Spirit* will indite.
What an immortal Melody
fills the high *Heavens* now!
oin in *Seraphick Symphony*,
you in this Room below:
Diſtinguiſhing, and endleſs Love,
is the great Song above;
nd let us then that are below
ſing Stories of his Love.
The Lord of Heaven, Heav'ns *left*,
Grace boundleſs to declare;
is Father's Boſom left to tell
what Thoughts of Love there are.
Why cam'ſt thou down to dwell in *Fleſh*,
tell *deareſt* Jeſus, pray?
as't to impart thy Father's Heart
to wretched Lumps of Clay?
Why was't thou *poor*? a Man of *grief*,
that heavy Vengeance bore?
hy was't thou *ſmitten* thus and *bruis'd*?
why was't thou wounded ſore?
Why in ſuch bitter Agony?
why bloody *Clodders* fall?
hy didſt thou drink the *Cup* of *Wrath*,
and drink up Dregs and all?
Hark, what our bleeding Lord replies,
hark, what his Wounds reply,
his was to teſtify my Love,
Love from Eternity.

10. My *Father*'s Love does shine in *mine*;
my Groans *his* Love indite;
Eternal, and electing Love
my streaming *Blood* does write;
11. Electing Grace my *dying* Breast
did very loudly preach:
The Father's, Son's and Spirit's Love,
thus Jesus *Death* did teach.
12. Our bleeding Lord, was it thus then;
let's view thy *bleeding Sides:*
Here's Love indeed, flow up our Love
like overflowing Tides.
13. *Our* Jesus now thou'rt glorified;
but is thy Love the same?
Yes, says he, towards *you* it burns
now with as *high* a Flame.
14. Sing *Hallelujahs!* praise, adore,
bless: All he does above
Is for us Sinners; and all are
high Offices of *Love.*

HYMN XXI.

1. NOW underneath thy *Shadow*, we
sat down with great Delight:
How pleasant was the *Taste* of thee!
how lovely was the *Sight.*
2. We cannot brook thy Absence, Lord,
but we are sick of Love;
Embrace thou always in thy Arms
thy Sister, Spouse, and Dove.
3. That we no more may hunger, give
us of this *Bread* to eat;

And no more thirſt, give of this Drink
ſo cheriſhing, ſo ſweet.
4. Lord, mount our Faith, we may embrace
thee in thy *bruiſed* Son;
And in thy Boſom lie, who is
with thee, O Father, one.
5. O let us ſing Mount *Zion*'s Song,
ſing *Hallelujahs!* Sing,
(Who now with us at Table ſits)
to th' great immortal King;
6. Head over all *Jehovah* high,
the *Prince* of *Peace*, the Son,
The reigning Lamb by whoſe Blood, we
do fight and overcome.

HYMN XXII.

1. O! Never was a Face ſo *marr'd*,
as that of our dear Lord,
When *Juſtice* turn'd aſide from *us*,
and in *him* ſheath'd his Sword.
2. Why thus *rejected* and *deſpis'd?*
why thus *afflicted* ſore?
He underneath our Sorrows groan'd,
it was our Griefs he bore.
3. Why without *Form* and *Comelineſs*,
or *Beauty* to be ſeen;
It was for us that Vengeance made
thoſe *Wounds* with Arrows keen.
4. Why did he *grieve?* why did he *groan?*
pour forth ſuch *Tears* and *Cries?*
The *Maul* of Juſtice bruis'd him ſore
for our Iniquities.

5. And

5. And was *he* then for us chaſtiz'd
that *he* might Peace procure?
And was his bloody, gaſhly Stripes
our Healing and *our* Cure?
6. What manner then of Love was this!
yea, what tranſcendent Love!
Still he loves ſuch, yea, ſtill as much
now that he reigns above.
7. And did the Father take our *Sin*,
and charge *it* all on him?
And was the *Father* greatly pleas'd
to bruiſe him for *our* Sin?
8. What manner then of Love was this!
the Father had for us,
When for ſuch filthy Duſt as we
he wounds his *Darling* thus!
9. For ever be the Father prais'd!
Hoſannahs to the Son!
Yea, *Hallelujahs* to the Lamb!
the holy righteous One.

HYMN XXIII.

1. CHRIST is the precious *Treaſury*,
where Grace is laid in ſtore,
More fully to be handed out
unto the *Blind* and *Poor*.
2. The mighty Diſtance Sin had caus'd
between our Lord and us,
Is by this dying Sacrifice,
our *Chriſt*, aboliſh'd thus.
3. The Diſtance 'tween th' *Eternal God*
and *finite* Clods of Clay,

God

God is come down to dwell in Fleſh,
to do in part away.
4. All Homage now is paid to God,
in *Jeſus Chriſt* our Head:
All that we want is ſtor'd in him,
he is the living *Bread*.
5. He is the living *Waters* ſent;
who ever drinks of them,
As he is cleans'd and waſh'd from Sin,
ſo never thirſts agen.
6. O! do you want Eternal Grace?
one in your Nature has't;
Go to your Brother *Joſeph*'s Houſe,
his pleaſant Dainties taſte:
7. Nay, eat Beloved, eat, O drink,
and drink abundantly;
This is our glorious Maſter's Call,
this our Beloved's Cry.

HYMN XXIV.

1. THOU worthy, O *Jehovah*, are
Pow'r, Glory, Honour to receive;
It was thy Pleaſure thus to love,
and thus to make us to believe.
2. O bleeding Lamb upon the Throne!
our Feaſt and Sacrifice this Night,
Awful like many Waters Noiſe,
like burning Braſs, moſt ſhining bright.
3. 'Tis *thine* to open the *ſeal'd* Book,
and reign o're *Death*, o're *Hell*, o're *Sin*;
Open our Conſcience chained Doors,
and *King* of *Glory* enter in,

4. For

4. For thou was't ſlain, and haſt *redeem'd*
us by thy Death and precious Blood,
From among Kindreds, Nations, Tongues,
and made us People to our God.
5. Lord, by redeeming thou haſt made
us ſpotleſs *Kings* and *Prieſts* to him:
And having waſh'd us in his Blood,
our God in us will ſee no *Sin*.
6. We Kings and Prieſts i'th' Royal Robe
of *Chriſt*'s bright *Righteouſneſs* ſet forth
Shall reign with *Chriſt* a'th' Judgment-day
and reign e're long with him on Earth.
7. Worthy's the *Lamb* that hath been ſlain,
and now doth ſit upon the Throne
Of Glory, Bleſſing, Honour, Pow'r,
Wiſdom and *Strength* to him alone.

HYMN XXV.

1. I Underneath his *Shadow* ſat
with Pleaſure and Delight:
His Fruit unto my *Taſte* was ſweet
and fair unto my *Sight*.
2. I look'd and taſted with delight!
I *Manna* fed upon;
My Meat and Drink it was the *Fleſh*
and *Blood* o'th' Father's Son.
3. I look'd and view'd by Faith, until
my Soul was *ſick* of Love:
Love's Banner he continually
diſplay'd my Head above.
4. I view'd by Faith thoſe ſtretch'd out *Arms*
that *nail'd* were to the Tree,

Stand

and open wide for *me* his Bride,
tho' a vile Wretch I be.
I view'd a Cup of *Vengeance* in
my dearest *Jesus* Hand:
There did I 'spy most pleasantly
that he at God's Command,
Most freely drank the bitter Cup
my Sin prepar'd for him;
That I might have a *Cup* prepar'd
top-full of *Grace* to th' brim.
O then my Soul, swim in those Depths
of Love, that rise so high!
That Sin, and *Death*, and *Hell* can't stop
its Stream eternally.

Additional Scriptural HYMNS.

BOOK IV.

HYMN I.

Isa. xxxv. *Referring to the Flourishing of Christ's Kingdom, in the Glory of the latter Day.*

1. THE *Wilderness* thou shalt possess,
and every desert Place,
Shall sing for Joy exceedingly,
because of mighty Grace.

2. It

2. It bloſſom ſhall abundantly,
like to the *fragrant Roſe*;
And ſhall put forth a glorious Growth,
his Bleſſings upon *thoſe*;
3. And all the goodly *Cedars* tall,
in *Lebanon* that grow,
Shall ſee the *Glory* of the Lord,
and ſhall his *Praiſes* ſhow;
4. And *Sharon* that's a fruitful Field,
Carmel a Mountain high;
They ſhall agree, and both ſhall ſee
his glorious Majeſty.
5. Strengthen the Hands that do hang down,
confirm the feeble Knees;
And make the weak, like *David* ſtrong;
give mighty Faith to theſe!
6. Say to the fearful-hearted Ones,
Be ye exceeding ſtrong!
Do you not fear, God will appear,
and ſhew himſelf *e're long!*
7. With dreadful Vengeance he is clad,
and fearful Indignation,
Againſt all thoſe that are his *Foes*,
and comes for our Salvation.
8. The Eyes of thoſe that blinded were,
ſhall ſee exceeding clear:
The Ears of thoſe that ſtopped were,
ſhall very plainly hear.
9. The Lame ſhall leap like to the Hart,
that doth ſo nimbly ſpring;
The Tongue o'th' Dum ſhall be unlooſed,
and ſhall his Praiſes ſing.

10. And

10. And living Waters ſhall break forth
i'th' Wilderneſs ſo dry;
And cryſtal Streams in Deſert *place*
ſhall run abundantly.
11. And then thoſe parched Souls that were
burnt up with heat of Sin,
Shall then become like ſtanding Pools,
fill'd up with *Grace* to th' brim,
12. And then thoſe thirſty Souls that wont
to luſt for evil Things;
Out of their *Bellies* there ſhall flow,
ſwift Streams of living Springs.
13. And in the Habitations where
moſt poiſonous Dragons lay;
It ſhall become a *fruitful* Soil,
i'th' glorious Goſpel-day.
14. And there ſhall be a plain High-way,
the Way of Holineſs;
And no Unclean ſhall go therein,
that wilfully tranſgreſs.
15. The way-faring Man ſhall walk therein,
though he be weak and poor;
In this plain Way, he ſhall not ſtray,
but on ſhall go ſecure.
16. No roaring Lion ſhall be there,
nor any Beaſt of Prey
Shall it infeſt, or us moleſt,
i'th' glorious latter Day.
17 But the Redeemed of the Lord
even by the Blood o'th' Lamb,
(From Guilt of Sin ſhall walk therein)
by which they overcame.

18. And

18. And then *Jehovah*'s ranſom'd Ones,
ſhall back again return,
With Songs of Praiſe, i'th' latter Days,
to *Zion* they ſhall come.
19. Sorrow they ſhall no more at all;
ſigning ſhall flee away;
Gladneſs obtain, that ſhall remain;
and Joy that laſts for Aye.

HYMN II.

Iſaiah xl. 27, 28. *A Confutation of that Unbelief, that is in Believers themſelves.*

1. OH *Jacob!* Why doſt thou thus ſay;
and *Iſrael* thus ſpeak?
My Way is hidden from the Lord,
he doth no Notice take.
2. My Judgments paſſed o're from him,
my God doth not regard;
Altho' I cry continually,
my Prayer is not heard.
3. Haſt thou not known, haſt thou not heard,
and haſt thou not been told,
I am the Everlaſting God,
the ſame I was of Old?
4. I do not faint, nor weary am,
but mighty am to ſave;
My Ear's not dull, nor wearied,
to hear what thou doſt crave.
5. My Underſtanding is too deep
for thee to ſearch it out;
What I will do thou doſt not know,
nor what I am about:

6.

I do give Power to the Faint,
and they that have no might,
y waiting ſhall increaſe their Strength,
and ſtand up in my ſight.
. Young Men ſhall fail and weary be;
the Youths ſhall fainting lie,
hat live upon inherent *Grace*,
for want of freſh ſupply:
. But they that on *Jehovah* wait,
they ſhall renew their Strength;
y living on the Grace in Chriſt,
grow very ſtrong at length.
. They ſhall mount up on Eagle's Wings;
their Faith ſhall ſoar on high;
nd from the Fulneſs that's in *Chriſt*,
they ſhall have rich ſupply.
0. So they ſhall walk unweary'dly,
that wont to faint before;
nd ſtrong in *Grace*, ſhall run apace,
and ſo ſhall faint no more.

HYMN III.

ſaiah lxii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. *Referring to the Glory of* Zion *in the latter Day.*

FOR *Zion*'s ſake, I will not reſt,
my Peace I will not hold;
nd alſo for *Jeruſalem*,
I will in Faith be bold.
. Until the *Righteouſneſs* thereof
go forth exceeding bright;
nd the Salvation thereof
be like a burning Light.

3. And

3. And *Gentile Nations* they ſhall ſee,
thy mighty *Righteouſneſs*;
Their Kings ſhall Free-will-offerings be,
thy Glory to expreſs.
4. Thou ſhalt be call'd by a new Name,
Jehovah ſhall expreſs;
Which is a Name of mighty Fame,
the Lord our *Righteouſneſs*.
5. And thou ſhalt be a glorious Crown,
now in *Jehovah*'s Hand:
And as a Royal Diadem,
thou on his Head ſhalt ſtand.
6. Thou ſhalt no more forſaken be;
nor termed deſolate;
But *thou* ſhalt be a Joy to me,
my great Delicate.
7. Like as a Virgin's married,
thy Sons ſhall married be;
And as a Bridegroom joys in's Bride,
thy God ſhall joy in thee.
8. I've Watchmen ſet upon thy Walls,
that ſtand both Day and Night;
That ſhall not reſt till thou art bleſt,
and made moſt glorious bright.
9. You that *Jehovah*'s Name do name,
do you not ſilent be;
Till he doth make *Jeruſalem*,
the whole Earth's Praiſe you ſee.

HYMN IV.

Iſaiah lxi.

1. THE Spirit of the Lord my God
is poured from on high; Above

Above my Fellows upon me,
and hath abundantly.
3. He hath anointed me to preach
glad Tidings to the Meek;
To bind the Broken-hearted up,
and the loſt Soul to ſeek.
4. He hath appointed me to make
the *Jubilee* Trumpet ſound;
For to ſet free at Liberty,
the Creatures that are bound.
5. For to proclaim the Day of Grace,
and acceptable Year;
For to diſplay my Righteouſneſs,
and bring it very near.
6. And Day of Vengeance of my God
'gainſt thoſe that Grace deſpiſe;
And furious Recompence to thoſe
that it reject likewiſe.
7. For to appoint to them that mourn
in *Zion* ſolemnly,
To put my Beauty upon them,
anoint with Oil of Joy.
8. They ſhall be Trees of Righteouſneſs,
ſet by *Jehovah*'s Hand;
By Faith planted in *Chriſt* their Head,
in Glory for to ſtand.
9. They ſhall raiſe up the Ruin of
the former Generations;
And ſhall repair waſte Places of
former Deſolations.
10. And Strangers they ſhall feed my Flocks
with Knowledge that is clear,

The

The Goſpel preach, and *Sinners* teach,
my Wiſdom and my Fear,
10. And Aliens Sons ſhall till thy Lands,
and dreſs thy tender Vines;
Who in times paſt, would lay thee waſte,
ſhall be of others minds.
11. And ye ſhall be moſt *Royal Prieſts*
to God, and to the Lamb;
And Men ſhall call your Miniſters
of mighty glorious Fame.
12. The *Gentiles* Riches you ſhall eat,
your Souls to ſatisfy;
And in their Glory you ſhall boaſt
yourſelves abundantly.
13. Whereas thou haſt been put to ſhame,
thou ſhalt have double Praiſe,
And for Confuſion thou haſt had,
thou ſhalt rejoice always.
14. For I the Lord love Righteouſneſs,
all Robbery do hate,
For you to bring in Offering,
I do abominate.
15. Their work in Truth I will direct,
and make my Covenant ſure;
It ſtandeth faſt, from firſt to laſt,
and ever ſhall endure.
16. Thy Seed among the *Gentiles* ſhall
be very much renown'd;
Among the People thy Off-ſpring
with Honour ſhall be crown'd;
17. All that do ſee thee, they ſhall ſay,
that thou art greatly bleſt:

Jehova

Jehovah he hath bleſſed thee
with *Grace* above the reſt:
18. For in *Jehovah* I'll rejoice
with great exceeding Joy;
The God of my Salvation,
my *Soul* doth magnify
19. With *Garments* of Salvation,
the Lord hath cloathed me;
With ſhining Robes of Righteouſneſs,
I covered ſhall be,
20. Like as a Bridegroom decks himſelf,
with very rich Array;
And as a Bride adorns herſelf
upon her Marriage-day:
21. Like as the Earth brings forth her Bud,
producing precious things;
When watered with Heaven's Dews,
and as the Garden ſprings;
22. So will I cauſe my Righteouſneſs,
before all Nations round,
For to ſpring forth a glorious Growth,
and Praiſes forth ſhall ſound.

HYMN V.

Micah iv. *Of the latter Day Glory.*

1. THUS ſaith the Lord in the laſt Day,
that it ſhall come to paſs,
Jehovah will his Throne exalt,
higher than e're it was;
2. And *Zion*'s Hill, eſtabliſh will,
and ſet it very high,

Above

Above all other Hills, that want
with *Zion* Hill to vie.
3. Very many People ſhall
come flowing unto thee;
Becauſe a *crucified* Chriſt
ſhall high exalted be.
4. And many mighty Nations ſhall
call for to come to thee,
With joint Conſent, and full Intent,
his People for to be.
5. And *Jacob*'s God he will us teach
his pleaſant Ways to know;
All which are right, to our Delight,
and in them we will go.
6. For out of *Zion* ſhall go forth
the Law of free rich *Grace*;
And alſo from *Jeruſalem*,
his holy Dwelling-place:
7. He ſhall among the People judge,
and Nations ſhall detect,
Becauſe they do deſpiſe his Grace,
his Yoke they do reject.
8. Their Swords ſhall beat into Plough-ſhares
of uſe to till the Ground;
Their Spears to Pruning-hooks ſhall run,
no warlike Weapon found.
9. But every true, believing Soul,
ſhall ſit him down and reſt,
Under the Shade of the true Vine,
nothing ſhall them moleſt.
10. The Lord of Hoſts hath ſpoken it,
his Mouth doth thus proclaim,

He will fulfil his holy Will;
O! Praiſe his mighty Name.

HYMN VI.

Habakkuk iii. 17, 18. *The Confidence of Faith in the darkeſt Times.*

ALthough the Fig-tree bloſſom not,
but barren be and dry;
Yet in *Jehovah* I'll rejoice,
and joy exceedingly.
Although the Vine be withered,
and forth no Fruit do bring;
Yet in the Lord I will rejoice,
that's *Iſrael*'s holy King.
Although the Olive's Labour fail,
with Oil for our ſupply;
Yet in this Dreſs, *Chriſt*'s Righteouſneſs,
we ſhine exceedingly.
Although the Fields no Meat do yield,
but very barren be;
The Promiſe hath much Food for Faith,
a plenteous Store we ſee.
Although i'th' Fold, we don't behold,
the Flocks that wont to lie:
We ſee our Chriſt, our great High-Prieſt,
that offered willingly.
Although there be no Herd i'th' Stall,
but quite cut off from thence;
Our Faith doth ſtay i'th' darkeſt Day,
on Chriſt with Confidence.
Although all outward Means do fail,
and Ciſterns all be dry;

The Fountain ſprings, with pleaſant things,
that runs for our Supply.
8. Yet in *Jehovah* I'll rejoice,
with wond'rous Admiration;
In God I'll joy continually,
the God of my Salvation.

HYMN VII.

Micah vii. 18, 19, 20.

1. WHO is a God like to the Lord,
among the Gods on high;
That full and freely pardoneth
all our Iniquity.
2. Our manifold Tranſgreſſions
he freely paſſeth by:
His Heritage doth diſengage
from all Impiety.
3. His Anger he doth now refrain,
he's fully ſatisfy'd;
His Wrath it doth not now remain,
becauſe that Jeſus dy'd.
4. In his Elect he much delights,
for he is gracious:
Our Jeſus ſhed his Blood, which made
our God propitious.
5. The Lord will turn again to us,
although he be withdrawn;
And when this diſmal Night is ſpent,
will be a glorious Morn.
6. On us he'll have Compaſſion;
we hear his Bowels ſound;
For ſtill his Love doth to us move,
he makes his *Grace* abound.

Our prevalent Iniquities,
thou wilt for *us* ſubdue;
ey ſhall not riſe, to tyrannize
on us, again anew.
Our Sins thou'lt drown i'th' deepeſt Seas,
whence they ſhall riſe no more,
n in the Flood of Jeſus Blood,
which he for them did pour.
The Truth to *Jacob* thoul't perform,
ngag'd by Covenant;
ur'd by Oath and Promiſe both,
pon a gracious Grant.
Thou called'ſt Father *Abraham*,
rom ſerving Idols dumb:
cting *Grace*, on him took place,
nd he obey'd and came.
Thy Covenant it ſtandeth faſt,
nd will for ever hold!
thou haſt to our Fathers ſworn,
'en from the Days of old.

HYMN VIII.

Rev. xxi. *The New* Jeruſalem.

THE New *Jeruſalem* it is
a City large and fair;
e Length and Breadth both equal are,
t lieth juſt Four-ſquare.
Her twelve Foundations ſtable are,
which ſhe is built upon,
Pearls moſt rare, that Likeneſs bear,
o the chief Corner-ſtone.
Her Walls are high exceedingly;
alvation her ſurrounds;

None that deſtroy ſhall once come nigh,
within her Sacred Bounds.

4. Her Gates are ſplendid Pearls, at wh
her Subjects enter in;
Her crowned Kings there judge of thing
Judgment doth there begin.

5. The City's Streets, are pureſt Gold,
that ſhines tranſparently;
The glorious Light, that makes her brig
comes from the *Deity*.

6. Her Bounds and Limits round about,
they all moſt holy be;
Her Laws and Statutes, perfectly
in Harmony agree.

7. There's no material Temple there,
that's made with Human Hands;
I'th' Fleſh of Chriſt, her great High-Pr
ſhe worſhips there and ſtands.

8. The City did not need the Sun,
nor Moon to give her light,
The Son of Man the glorious Lamb,
doth ſhine in her moſt bright.

9. And all the Nations ſaved Ones
ſhall ſee her glorious Light,
Likewiſe the Kings their Glory bring,
and yield to her their Might.

10. She hath no need of Candle-light,
nor ſhining of the Sun;
She need not fear, no Night comes there
her Day is never done.

11. The Gates of it ſhall not be ſhut,
but ſhall wide open be;

r glorious Day, ſhall laſt alway,
unto Eternity.
The Honour of the Nations ſhall
be brought unto her now;
eat Multitudes of ſaved Ones,
ſhall down unto her bow;
And they ſhall ſee his ſhining Face,
and know his glorious Name;
hich on their Fore-heads is ingrav'd;
his Image they proclaim.
There ſhall in no wiſe enter in,
into that holy Place,
t any thing defil'd with Sin,
but ſaved Ones by Grace.

HYMN IX. *The Law and Grace.*

MOUNT *Sinai*'s burning fiery Law,
can not the Conſcience eaſe,
t cauſeth there a dreadful Storm,
t never can appeaſe.
Then bids us go and work for Life,
but gives no Strength at all;
act Obedience it requires,
or it will on on us fall.
The Law of Grace doth gently draw,
and ſweetly doth conſtrain:
e wounded Conſcience it doth heal,
and eaſe it of its Pain.
It bids us to believe on Chriſt,
and venture on his Grace;
d gives us Strength to do the ſame,
though in a ſinful Caſe.
The Law it doth convince of Sin,
with Threats and juſt Demands: And

And if we don't fulfil the ſame,
we're left in Juſtice Hands.

6. And there the naked Soul doth ſtand,
withont a Covering,
Reſign'd to Juſtice ſtricteſt Hand,
with dreadful Trembling.

7. Free Goſpel-Grace it doth reveal,
that *Jeſus Chriſt* did die,
And laid his Life a Ranſom down,
to purchaſe us thereby.

8. It makes the Soul a Covering,
without a Spot or Stain;
And puts him in a glorious Dreſs,
for ever to remain.

9. The Law the Conſcience leads with Gui
yet it deſireth more;
And thinks thereby, aſſuredly
to heal its deadly Sore.

10. It bindeth Guilt and Wrath to th' Sou
of each convinc'd Offender;
And he at laſt by Juſtice forc'd
his guilty Soul to render.

11. The Voice of Grace reveals to th' Sou
a wounded bruiſed Chriſt;
The Father's Love doth to him move,
and he's by Grace intic'd.

12. When he by Grace hath run his Race
ſhall reſt eternally;
And on Chriſt's Throne, he ſhall ſit dow
and in his Boſom lie.

HYMN X.

The Gospel Call.

1. WE hear the joyful Trumpet ſound,
moſt glorious Liberty;
To Captive Bond-ſlaves that are bound;
Redemption draweth nigh.

2. O bleſſed Day of glorious Grace,
the Goſpel brings to light,
Which Darkneſs did before deface,
ſhines now exceeding bright.

3. The *Jubilee* Year it is begun,
it makes the Angels ſing:
This bleſſed News doth ſwiftly run,
it makes the Heavens ring.

4. All Peace on Earth is loud proclaim'd,
and unto Men Good-will;
Let glorious Grace be ever fam'd,
we'll ſound this Trumpet ſtill.

5. Ye bleſſed Saints that heard this ſound,
who in your Blood did lie;
When that you were in Fetters bound,
you heard the *Jubilee* Cry.

6. The Lot of our Inheritance,
it is ſecur'd to us;
By Jeſus Blood we've Enterance
into the Holieſt thus.

7. O Captive Bond-ſlaves come away,
that long have ſerved Sin;
If you will here no longer ſtay,
your Freedom will begin.

8. Your Heritage he'll turn again,
which ye have ſold for nought; Your

Your Right to it doth yet remain,
for Jesus hath it bought.
9. Your Conscience-ease will then begin,
from Wrath and Guilt and Fear;
This blessed Feast will alway last,
it is the *Jubilee* Year.

HYMN XI.

The Coming of Christ.

1. OUR Jesus cometh in the Clouds,
whom every Eye shall see;
And they before, that pierc'd him sore,
they then shall Mourners be.
2. He brings ten Thousands of his Saints,
a bright and glorious Train;
All crowned Kings to judge all things
with Lamb that once were slain.
3. Attended with most mighty Hosts
of Angels numberless;
With Trumpet sound, to gather round
the Elect Ones to Bliss.
4. Lift up your Heads you ransom'd Ones
that do dejected lie,
With Songs of Praise, his Glory raise,
for your Redemption's nigh.
5. New *Heavens* and new *Earth* also,
are even at the door;
The old decay, and pass away,
and shall be found no more.
6. The Day shall be reveal'd by Fire,
now Jesus comes agen;
And it shall try, and purify
the purest Works of Men.

7. O! Wretched Sinners what will you
do in the Judgment-day!
That Chriſt reject, and not accept
his Grace, and on him ſtay?
8. The dreadful Judge of Quick and Dead
is now juſt at the Door;
The Lamb once ſlain, he comes again,
and reigns for evermore.

HYMN XII.

Chriſt's Call.

1. O Hearken how our deareſt Lord,
to Sinners crieth out,
Thy Sins and thy Iniquities,
I've ſurely blotted out.
2. Therefore ye Sinners now return,
return, return to me;
Return to me, for by my Blood
I have redeemed thee.
3. Though thou haſt ſlighted me ſo long,
I have paid dear for thee,
ſhed my Blood, to do thee Good;
thou muſt return to me.
4. Sinners return, return, return,
though Filthy, Black and Foul,
cannot bear to think to loſe
the Travail of my Soul.
5. What doſt thou think I died for!
was't not for ſuch as thee?
s filthy as thou think'ſt thou art,
return, return to me.
6. You doubting Souls, What ſay you now
which often me controul;

Heaven and Earth I'll overthrow,
before I'll loſe one Soul.
7. It ſurely ſhall go well with you,
I ſay it ſhall go well;
Although the Gulph ſhould ſwallow you,
I'll fetch you out of Hell.
8. I'll follow thee where're thou goeſt,
and cry, Return to me;
My Grace ſhall never leave, but cry,
I have redeemed thee.
9. Although thy Faith be often down,
and me thou can'ſt not ſee;
My Love it never altered,
but is the ſame to thee.
10. It is not long e're I will come
and fetch thee Home to me;
And make thee bright, for my Delight,
where thou ſhalt ever be.

HYMN XIII.

Numbers xxiii. 24. *Out of* Balaam's *Parable.*

1. FROM tops of Rocks I do him ſee,
from Mountains high behold;
The People, they ſhall dwell alone,
not with the Nations told.
2. The Duſt of *Jacob* who can count,
or number *Iſrael*'s Seed?
They that do die the Righteous Death,
oh! they are bleſt indeed:
3. God's not a Man that he ſhould lye,
his Words are very pure;
He will make good what he hath ſaid,
for Truth it ſelf's no truer.

4. In *Jacob* he hath not beheld
the leaſt Iniquity:
In *Iſrael* no Perverſeneſs, he
doth any time eſpy.
5. The Lord is he in mid'ſt of thee,
he is a mighty King;
The Shout we hear, it doth appear,
and manifeſt this thing.
6. The Lord hath brought his People up
from *Egypt*'s ſervile Land;
His Strength is like the Unicorn's,
none can before him ſtand.
7. 'Gainſt *Jacob* no Inchantment is,
'gainſt *Iſrael* no Deſign;
He maketh the Diviners mad,
when Earth and Hell combine.
8. How goodly are thy pleaſant Tents,
which thus are ſpread abroad,
How lovely are thy Tabernacles
where dwelleth *Jacob*'s God;
9. As fragrant Gardens are they ſpread,
upon the Vallies low;
As goodly Cedars they do ſtand,
by River Sides that grow.
10. From *Jacob* doth a Star ariſe,
that ſhines moſt orient bright;
His Princely Scepter he doth ſway,
his Enemies he'll ſmite.
11. His King I greatly will exalt,
'bove *Agag* in Degree;
His Kingdom ſhall be ſet on high
and Head of Nations be.

12. When

12. When that he brings to paſs ſuch Things
all wicked Ones ſhall fall;
For none can ſtand before his Hand,
alas, he'll try them all.
13. And Ships ſhall come from *Chittim*'s (Coaſt
that *Aſhur* ſhall annoy.;
And when they've fill'd their Meaſure up,
I'll Antichriſt deſtroy.

HYMN XIV.

Judges v. 3. *Out of* Deborah's *Song.*

1. AWake, O *Deborah*, awake!
awake my Soul, I ſay,
Ariſe and ſing to *Iſrael*'s King,
It is a joyful Day.
2. My Captive-Soul is looſened,
that was in Fetters bound;
I am ſet free, at Liberty,
a Ranſom he hath found.
3. Hard by the Springs, there fought the (Kings,
in great *Megiddo*'s Plain;
The Enemy was forc'd to fly,
much Loſs he did ſuſtain.
4. *Abinoam*'s Son, our mighty One,
our Lord ſo much renown'd,
Hath clear'd the Field, by Faith our Shield
our Enemies are bound.
5. Our Lord his Captives leads away,
dragg'd at his Chariot-wheels,
Triumphantly aſcended high,
His adverſe Power feels.
6. Bleſſed are *Iſrael*'s Princes all,
that did their Help afford, And

And did comply ſo willingly
with their Almighty Lord.
2. Curſe *Meroz*, with a bitter Curſe;
thou Unbelief ſtand by,
That thus doth ſpeak, we are too weak
To fight the Enemy.
3. There's not a *Canaanite* ſhall ſtand
before our Lord this Day;
Stars in their courſe, fought with great force
againſt keen *Siſerah*.
4. Where are the Iron Chariots all,
that were nine Hundred ſtrong?
They and their Tire, are burnt i'th'Fire;
Jehovah's us among.

HYMN XV.

Proverbs viii.

1. WIſdom doth cry inceſſantly,
and putteth forth her Voice,
To offer Grace in every caſe,
ſhe greatly doth rejoice.
2. In Places high, ſhe ſtands to cry,
to Men of great Degree,
Do you come in, and leave your Sin?
oh, come, accept of me!
3. She alſo cries with Words moſt wiſe,
in Gates of concourſe great,
O Sinners all to you I call,
accept me I intreat?
4. To you, oh Men! I call agen,
my Voice doth to you ſound,
I ſhed my Blood to do you good,
my Grace doth yet abound.

5. Hear

lear Simple, and do underſtand
my Wiſdom, and my Fear;
My Righteouſneſs I will expreſs,
to make your Knowledge clear.
6. Hark, I beſeech, unto my Speech,
of things moſt excellent;
All which are right, to your Delight,
and to your Souls Content.
7. For all the Words my Mouth ſhall ſpeak,
are Truth and Uprightneſs;
And from my Lips doth not proceed
no Sin nor Wickedneſs.
8. They are all plain, a Goſpel ſtrain
to them that underſtand:
For all right things, ſhe always brings,
and gives with liberal Hand.
9. Receive my Counſel conſtantly,
and to my Knowledge hold;
My Merchandize doth far exceed
both Silver and choice Gold.
10. Her Wiſdom is more excellent
than Rubies that are rare;
And all the things thou canſt deſire,
cannot with her compare.
11. I Wiſdom do with Prudence dwell,
and Knowledge do find out,
Of Myſtery, divine and high,
which I were ſent about.
12. They that do truly fear the Lord,
all Evil they do hate;
All Wickedneſs and what's perverſe,
I do abominate.

13. The

3. The ſageſt Counſel it is mine,
ſound Wiſdom I do give;
oth Strength and Underſtanding too,
you ſhall of me receive.
4. It is by me that Kings do reign,
and Juſtice do decree;
The Honour of the noble Ones,
it doth proceed from me.
5. They that love me, it is becauſe
of Love to them I had,
They that do ſeek me, they ſhall find
their Hearts exceeding glad.
6. Riches and Honour are with me,
ſuch Riches that endure;
My Righteouſneſs you ſhall poſſeſs,
for that's exceeding ſure.
7. My Fruit much better is than Gold,
than Gold that is moſt fine;
My Righteouſneſs and Holineſs,
choice Silver doth out-ſhine.
8. I lead in Ways of Righteouſneſs,
In Paths of Judgment tread;
They that do follow my Conduct,
they ſhall be ſafely led.
9. All thoſe that do me truly love,
great Subſtance ſhall inherit;
alſo will their Treaſures fill,
by pouring out my Spirit.
10. The Lord of old poſſeſſed me,
when firſt his Thoughts began;
He viewed me in his Decree,
to ſave loſt ſinful Man.

21. I was ſeeking before all Time,
the Elect's Head to be;
'Fore Man was made, the Lord he ſaid,
their Standing is in thee.
22. Before he form'd the liquid Depths,
or made the Ocean,
Or Water-ſprings, I were ſet up,
to ſave loſt ſinful Man.
23. Before he had the Mountains made,
or Hills he did create:
Before Earth's Duſt did firſt conſiſt,
or Man the higheſt Part.
24. When he the Heavens did prepare,
in their vaſt compaſs round;
Then was I by continually,
as One that Favour found.
25. When he the Clouds eſtabliſhed,
that very ſwiftly fly;
When he Depths, Fountains, ſtrengthened,
I alſo then was by.
26. When that he gave the raging Sea,
a ſettled firm Decree,
That it ſhould go but hitherto,
thus far its Bounds ſhould be.
27. When all his many mighty Works,
by his own Power were wrought;
Then was I by continually,
and up by him was brought.
28. I daily was his Soul's Delight,
and his eternal Reſt;
My greateſt Joy it was, that I
ſhould make the Elect bleſt.

29. Now

29. Now therefore hear my Children dear,
oh, hearken all your Days,
For you are bleſt above the reſt,
that do obſerve my Ways.
30. Hear my Inſtruction and be wiſe,
and do it not refuſe;
Incline your Ear with holy Fear,
and all my Precepts chuſe.
31. Bleſſed, oh, bleſſed is the Man
that always me doth hear;
And daily waits at Wiſdom's Gates,
and at her Doors appear.
32. For whoſoever findeth me,
eternal Life ſhall gain;
Which I do give, that they may live,
and Favour may obtain.
33. Whoe'er he be rejecteth me,
his precious Soul doth wrong,
And will be found for to be bound
in Bonds of Death moſt ſtrong.

HYMN XVI.

Proverbs ix. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

1. WIſdom hath builded up her Houſe,
her ſeven Pillars hewn;
Her ſtately Structure hath ſet up,
which ſhe abroad hath ſhewn.
2. My Oxen and my Fatlings both,
they are already ſlain;
My Sacrifice is offered,
and what doth now remain?
3. My Wine and Drink are mingled,
a Mixture choice and rare; Mine

Mine and my Father's Heart you have,
oh, Love beyond Compare!
4. My Table I have finiſhed,
my Dainties ſet thereon;
Which I took care for to prepare
for you to feed upon.
5. My Maidens I have ſent abroad,
my Meſſengers, to call,
With all their Might, for to invite
the Vileſt of you all.
6. In Streets of Cities populous,
there ſhe doth ſtand and cry,
My Grace is free, accept of me,
oh, do not me deny!
7. To ſimple Sinners ſhe doth call,
oh! turn, turn in I pray,
To him that Underſtanding wants,
ſhe thus to him doth ſay,
8. If you'll be fed, come eat my Bread,
and drink my mingled Wine;
My Grace and Love doth to you move,
the Father's Love and mine.
9. Forſake your fooliſh Company,
and leave your Ways of Sin;
Take up with Ways of Holineſs,
then will true Joy begin.

HYMN XVII.

Canticles iv. 7.

1. O Thou my Love, thou art all fair,
there is no Spot in thee;
This is the Language of pure Love,
for that no Fault can ſee.

2. What

2. What we that ſo polluted are,
we ſcarce can think this true,
That we ſhould be accounted fair,
when nought but Spots we view.
3. Eternal and Electing Love,
that never did begin;
It maketh us Chriſt's Righteouſneſs,
and it made him our Sin.
4. This pure and ſpotleſs Righteouſneſs,
that Jeſus Chriſt wrought out,
Imputed his, that doth believe,
and ſo it comes about.
5. This is a Myſtery too great
for Nature to unfold;
It's only Faith in Exerciſe,
this Glory can behold.
6. This glorious Project is too high,
above the Reach of Man;
The Angels pry, this Myſtery
is more than they can ſcan.
7. What boundleſs Love's the Father's Love,
for us laid up in ſtore!
In Jeſus Chriſt his ſpotleſs Son,
Lord, we can ſay no more.
8. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
adoring let's bow down;
We are all fair in's ſpotleſs Son,
free Grace ſhall wear the Crown.

HYMN XVIII.

Canticles i. 13.

1. MY Well-beloved is moſt ſweet,
and of a fragrant Smell; A

A Bundle of ſweet-ſmelling Myrrh,
his Sweetneſs doth excel.
2. In Ordinances of his Houſe,
Contentment we do take,
The Breaſts of Conſolation,
moſt joyful do us make.
3. There he doth give us of his Loves,
that doth our Hearts revive,
We taſte the Savour of his Grace,
that keeps our Souls alive.
4. I'th' ſhining Day he is moſt ſweet,
and in the ſhady Night,
He doth us ſafe conduct along,
and guide our Steps aright.
5. When that it is the darkeſt Night,
no Moon nor Stars are ſeen,
Then doth his Love towards us move,
our Breaſts he lies between.
6. Eternal and Electing Love,
not alway by us ſeen;
Yet Jeſus reſteth in his Love,
our Bed is alſo green.
7. Upon the Bed of Love we lie,
on Jeſus we do reſt;
His Garments always ſmell of Myrrh,
a Field the Lord hath bleſt.
8. With pureſt Robes we cover'd are,
of his own Righteouſneſs;
Perfumed with ſweet-ſmelling Myrrh,
the Bundle not the leſs.
9. Our deareſt Jeſus we adore,
who art exalted high;

That

That with us on the Bed of Love
doth reſt eternally.

HYMN. XIX.

Iſaiah xii.

1. AND in that Day thou thus ſhalt ſay,
O Lord, I will thee praiſe;
Thine Anger turned is away,
and we do ſee good Days.
2. Behold, God's my Salvation,
my Faith it reſteth here:
Believe I muſt, and in him truſt,
'gainſt Unbelief and Fear.
3. For great *Jehovah* is my Strength,
and my melodious Song;
He is my Hope and Confidence,
and my Salvation.
4. Therefore with Joy continually,
we may draw Water here;
Salvation's Wells our Buckets fill,
with Waters cryſtal clear.
5. And in thoſe Days thou ſhalt him praiſe,
and call upon his Name;
And ſhall declare his mighty Works,
and ſpread abroad his Fame.
6. Make mention that *Jehovah*'s Name,
exalted is on high;
Thro' *Zion* round, his Praiſe doth ſound,
and that moſt gloriouſly.
7. Sing to *Jehovah* Songs of Praiſe,
for Wonders he hath ſhown;
Tranſcendent Things to paſs he brings,
in all the Earth is known.

8. Cry

8. Cry out, and ſhout, all round about,
that on Mount *Zion* dwell;
For Mighty's he in midſt of thee,
the God of *Iſrael*.

HYMN XX.

Iſaiah v.

1. NOW will I ſing to my Belov'd,
a Song that's tuned well;
Touching a pleaſant Vineyard, he
planted on *Zion*'s Hill.
2. My Well-beloved, purchaſed
this Field with Price of Blood,
And paid a Value infinite,
he counted it ſo good.
3. My Well-beloved's Vineyard, was
planted on fruitful Ground;
With choiceſt Vines of *Iſrael*,
and alſo walled round.
4. He gathered out the Stones thereof,
and things that did offend;
That it might be a fruitful Soil,
was that he did intend.
5. He built a Wine-preſs in it too,
a very uſeful thing;
That he the pleaſant Fruit thereof,
might to Perfection bring.
6. He alſo built a Tower therein,
on which his Watchmen ſtand,
For to ſecure its Paſſages,
from Satan's furious Hand.
7. My Well-beloved looked for
moſt pleaſant Grapes therefore; Which

Which ſhould be right, to his Delight,
but yet it brought forth ſour.
And now, O Men of *Judah!* judge,
and of *Jeruſalem*;
What could I do more for this Vine,
than I have done for them?

BOOK V.

Theſe following Sacramental Hymns were found in Mr. Browning's *Study, and uſed by him at the Lord's Table.*

Note, That at the End of every Hymn theſe two Verſes may be added.

Hoſannah to King David's *Son!*
Hoſannah to the Chriſt!
Who in th' Almighty's Name doth come,
Hoſannah in the high'ſt!
To him that thus hath loved us,
and cancel'd out our Score,
In the pure Flood of his own Blood,
be Praiſe for evermore.

HYMN I.

1. THE *Heavens* ſhew forth, *O Lord*, thy Praiſe,
and ſhall *we* ſilent be?
Diſcharge us of the Earth, and raiſe
our Souls in Songs to thee.
2. The cheary *Angels* ſweetly ſing,
their *Trumpets* always ſound:
Let us make Heaven and Earth to ring,
we ſtand on higher Ground. 3. Our

3. Our Woe did by our Fall begin,
we in our Blood did lie!
Grace took Advantage by our Sin
it ſelf to glorify.
4. In crooked Ways (when we were loſt,
by Sin, when we were ſlain)
Love ſpar'd no Pains to ſeek, nor Coſt,
to make us love again.
5. From Heav'n like *Worms* we crept away
Chriſt found us in his *Grave*;
Next to his Heart he did us lay,
and dying did us ſave.
6. Our Tongues thy *Trumpets* are, and we
would ſerve thee all our Days:
Give us that *Heart*, whoſe *Pulſe* may be,
thy quick and conſtant Praiſe.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN II.

1. BUT that our Fleſh is turn'd to Stone,
but that we ſcarce can ſee;
Our Hearts would melt, *O Lord*, and groan
that we ſhould ſenſeleſs be.
2. The Sun's Approach doth, as we ſee,
ſtill make the Earth more brave:
What barren Hearts, O Lord, have we,
yet hotter Beams we have.
3. He that doth find a *Silver Vein*,
rejoiceth in that Toy:
Thou haſt us bleſt with greater Gain,
oh! fill our Hearts with Joy.

4. There's

There's no ſuch thing as Love in Men,
comparing theirs with thine;
hriſt drank to us in Blood, and then
bad us pledge him in *Wine*.
He did forſake his Father's Throne,
that he might Glory give:
e did aſſume our Fleſh and Bone;
be dies that *we* might live.
He left *his* Joy to feel *our* Smart;
his Ruin did *us* raiſe:
his Love, O Lord, doth break our Hearts,
oh! let it mend our Praiſe.
oſannah to King, &c.

HYMN III.

COME, come and ſee! *fal'n Man* is up,
dead *Lazarus* is rais'd,
nd doth with his dear Saviour ſup:
his Pow'r and Love be prais'd.
May Servants thus with their Lord ſit,
as if they were his Mates?
ea, this our Maſter doth permit;
nay, more, mean while he waits.
But *Laz'rus* he his *Friend* did call,
we Traitors to him were;
or could we riſe without his Fall:
what matchleſs Love is here!
We gaſping lay for want of Breath,
and Help we could not crave:
e was content to taſte of Death,
that we his *Life* might have.

5. The Scripture ſaith, this Holy One
might not Corruption ſee:
But yet he may be fed upon
by ſuch poor *Worms as we.*
6. Thou giv'ſt us leave to eat, and reſt;
let's alſo walk with thee:
Thou Lord doſt carve us of thy beſt,
and wholly thine are we.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN IV.

1. LIFT up *your Voice*, let *Trumpets* ſoun
let *Saints* on Earth ſing Praiſe:
Could we but Till, here's fruitful Ground
whence we that Rent might raiſe.
2. The glorious *Sun* begins to 'riſe,
and on our Face to ſhine;
Let Clouds diſperſe, let's wipe our Eyes,
our Joy is God's Deſign.
3. Peace, guilty *Conſcience*, prate no more
we were in Debt, 'tis true,
But Chriſt our Lord hath paid our Score:
Love only now is due.
4. Chear up ſad Hearts, look not ſo ill;
ſome *kind* of Tears defile:
Chriſt ſhed his Blood our *Veins* to fill;
ſanguine Complexion, ſmile.
5. Praiſe doth become Saints here below,
as well as them above;
Thy Praiſe with us ſhall Heav'n-ward gro
only chear up thy Love.

6. 'T

'Tis Mercy we can call thee ours,
that doth prevent Deſpair:
Do but thou ſay, Yea, I am yours,
and then in Heav'n we are.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN V.

ROuſe up dull *Hearts*, awake and ſing,
'tis Day; how can you ſleep?
The *Sun*'s Approach makes Joy to ſpring;
'tis clear; how can you weep?
Each pretty Bird can pleaſant be,
yet is their Portion ſmall:
Oh! what unthankful Hearts have *we*,
that droop, and yet have *all?*
With *Man* one Cord of *Love* doth bind,
one courteous Act doth gain:
How can *we* but his Praiſes ſing?
when *Love* our Way makes plain.
As if we were ſome rich *Gold-ring*,
dropp'd from the Father's Hand:
Chriſt ſtooping fell, us back to bring,
by *him* we roſe, we ſtand.
Our Lord exalted is on high,
in *him* we Comfort have:
Wherewith to wipe our weeping Eye,
he left Clothes in his Grave.
Well may we be at his Command,
and Preſents to him bring:
Lord *chear* and *tune* us with thy Hand,
ſo ſhall we work, and ſing.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN VI.

1. WHERE are thoſe bleſt united On
that *have* ſupp'd with their *King*
Spoil not his *Feaſt* with Sighs and Groans;
lift up your Voice, let's ſing.
2. Or let us only *mourn*, that we
our *Comforter* ſhould grieve;
Who poured forth his Blood, that he
therewith might us relieve.
3. Let's weep that we for ev'ry Toy,
ſhould thus like Children cry;
Or rather let us weep for Joy
that Grace doth wipe our Eye.
4. Thoſe that can ſee their Father ſmile,
may laugh, tho' others frown:
If Heav'n be ours, let Earth ſeem vile;
'tis all not worth a *Crown*.
5. Why ſhould we fear, tho' *Mountains*
tho' *Seas* lift up their Voice? (ſhake
While ſome fall *down*, while other q uake,
in God let us rejoice.
6. What cauſe have *we* to bleſs thy Name,
oh! that we could give Praiſe:
Then ſhall we, Lord, lift up the ſame,
when thou our Heart ſhalt raiſe,
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN VII.

1. IF with ſome Earthly *Prince* to ſit,
be ſuch a glorious thing;

O

h, how great *Dignity* is it,
to feaſt with *Heaven's King!*
Our Father's Houſe has *Bread* enough,
his Board is richly ſpread;
o whoſe Proviſion that's poor Stuff,
whereon we ſometimes fed.
The ſmalleſt *Crumb* we cannot earn,
as due we cannot claim;
et are we full, could we but learn
to praiſe his holy Name.
The *Dainties* which thou doſt afford,
we no where elſe can ſee:
ere ſhall we therefore chuſe to *board*,
here ſhall our *Dwelling* be.
And if a *Glance* ſo chear the Heart,
what will a full View do?
hilſt under Age we have but part
of what we are born to:
We truſt we ſhall have more at laſt;
for which we wait, and crave:
lean while we bleſs thee for that Taſte,
which now through *Grace* we have.
oſannah to King, &c.

HYMN VIII.

THY Peoples Praiſe, *great* God of *Love*,
well may it wait for thee;
or thou doſt wait ſtill from above,
that thou might'ſt gracious be.
The *greater* Sort doſt thou forget,
but we remember'd are;
hilſt others are without, we ſit
under thy tender Care.

3. Not unto us, dear Lord, ah! no,
not unto us, but thee,
From all this Grace let Glory grow,
thy Name exalted be.
4. What poor provoking Duſt are we?
but yet not ſwept away:
What Place for ſuch too low can be?
yet Grace hath *gilt* our Clay.
5. Our Help did in thy Boſom lie,
from whence, to ſhew thy Grace,
Thy Son, our Lord, muſt come to die,
that we might have his Place.
6 Fain would we come, dear God, to thee,
oh, let thy Hand us raiſe;
Then ſhall we all thy *Trumpets* be
to thine *eternal* Praiſe.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN IX.

1. WHAT *Bounty*, Lord, what *matchleſ*
haſt *thou* to us made *known*! (*Love*
What coſtly Pearls dropp'd from above,
and from thy Hand alone!
2. Thou haſt redeem'd us from that *Grave*,
wherein we rotting lay,
Theſe naked Souls, how fine, how brave
they are ſince t'other Day!
3. Whence are thoſe *glorious Crowns*, thoſ
which to our Share do fall? (*Ring*
Can *Beggars* Brats deſerve ſuch Things?
No ſure! *Grace* gave them all.
4. Where had we been?—what had we done
if left to Nature's Light?

We might have worſhipped the Sun,
dear God! thou know'ſt we might.
5. But thou a *brighter* Sun hath ſent,
which in our Hearts doth ſhine;
Whoſe Light to us *thy ſelf* hath ſent,
and all whoſe Beams are thine.
6. Oh! let it more and more increaſe
until its *Courſe* be run.
Until our *glimmering* Light ſhall ceaſe,
and we dwell in the Sun.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN X.

1. 'TIS *Angels* Work to bleſs and ſing,
'tis not the *Saints* alone;
When they ſhall ſit each like a King,
Praiſe will become their Throne:
2. But what poor Inſtruments are we,
all out of Tune, unſtrung?
Unleſs he our Muſician be,
who can give Duſt a Tongue?
3. The Nature of this Work is ſuch
that while we ſing, we groan;
Becauſe we foul what er'e we touch;
ours is a doleful Tone.
4. But he that hath compos'd our Song,
can put our Hearts in Tune:
Tho' we be weak, yet he is ſtrong;
here let thy Strength be ſhewn!
5. How falſly have we dealt with thee!
yet thou doſt truſt us ſtill:

Fain would we henceforth *faithful* be
according to thy *Will.*
6. *Thy* Grace doth aggravate our Sin,
oh! might it kill the ſame;
Then ſhall *we* Angel-like begin
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN XI.

1. WHAT *Dainties* doth *our Lord* prepare!
what *Gueſts* doth he invite? (pare?
May *Worms* divide ſuch curious Fare?
doubtleſs 'tis not their Right.
2. Poor *Beggars* are not ſerv'd in State;
their Poſture is to ſtand;
Their *proper* Place is at the Gate;
Cruſts only fit *their* Hand.
3. How comes it then to paſs that *we*,
that *we* are bid draw near!
That we are bid ſit down by thee,
and welcome to ſuch Chear!
4. Ah! not becauſe we are not *poor*,
have we this Favour found;
But *Mercy* is with thee in ſtore;
that only is the Ground.
5. Oh! bleſſed be the Lord of Love,
who aſk'd not what we *were*;
But bad his only Son remove,
that ſo *we* might draw near.
6. Since thou haſt made our Souls a *Feaſt*,
oh! make us *thankful* too;

And

And whilſt ſome others praiſe in Jeſt,
let us both Say and Do.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN XII.

1. THAT glorious *Grace*, *that Grace* of
that Grace of Love divine, (*Love*,
How clearly doth it from above,
upon *our* Faces ſhine?
2. *Love* was at work before we were,
five thouſand Years or more:
Time only makes thoſe things appear,
that *Love* hath wrought before.
3. Like ſilly *Sheep* we wandring went,
we went we know not where;
Love cry'd as we to *Hell* were bent,
This is the Way, walk here.
4. In a *ſhort* time, and for *poor Crumbs*,
we all our Portion ſpent;
Love freely gave far greater Sums
than what before were lent.
5. Our only Danger is from Sin,
thence comes the greateſt Harm:
But *Love* hath ſafely *hedg'd* us in
with its incloſing *Arm*.
6. How can we now but with him walk,
when *Love* hath pav'd *our* way?
Oh! let's not ſpend our time in Talk,
let's run, let's make no ſtay.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN

HYMN XIII.

1. WHat ſhall we ſay, *dear God!* to *thee?*
how ſhall we *praiſe* thy Name?
Fain would we ſomewhat thankful be;
Silence will ſpeak our Shame.
2. But can we by a Word or two,
think to expreſs thy Praiſe?
Words are poor things, what ſhall we do?
Tongues talk, but *Practice* pays.
3. And yet, alas! what can *we* do?
what ſhould our *Preſent* be?
Thou art ſo high, and *we* ſo low,
how can theſe Hands reach thee?
4. But tho' our Crowns can never reach,
nor fit thy glorious *Head*;
Yet at thy *Feaſt* thou doſt us teach,
our *Robes* of *Praiſe* to ſpread.
5. And tho' thy *Rent* we cannot make,
'till thou ſhalt bleſs our Store;
Yet Lord, we pray thee ſtoop and take
this *Mite* 'till we have more.
6. The *Grace* of Chriſt whereon *we* ſtand
doth ſome Advantage give:
Do thou but lend *thy* raiſing Hand,
we then with thee ſhall live.
Hoſannah to King, &c.

HYMN XIV.

1. WHENCE is it that this *Bread* and *Wine*
ſuch Soul-refreſhing yield?
This

This ſprings not from the *common* Vine,
nor grows in ev'ry Field.
2. 'Tis curious Fare, this Children's *Bread*,
it is both *Bread* and *Meat*,
Whereby *we* are both taught and fed,
which we may ſafely eat.
3. It breeds no *Worms*, nor ſhall they die,
who truly eat this *Bread*:
The *Feeder* is transform'd thereby,
and no bad *Humour* fed.
4. 'Tis no *intoxicating* Cup,
that is put in our Hand;
Which if we could but drink it up,
would all our *Cares* diſband.
5. O bleſſed be that gracious *Hand*
that holds and fills the ſame!
And gladly would we ſee that *Land*,
from whence this *Bread* firſt came.
6. Thou Lord who art the God of Peace,
who art our Strength and Stay,
Let *Comfort* by thy means increaſe,
and let the *Fleſh* decay.
7. *Hoſannah to King* David's *Son!*
Hoſannah to the Chriſt!
Who in th' Almighty's Name doth come,
Hoſannah in the high'ſt!
8. *To him that thus hath loved us,*
and cancel'd out our Score
In the pure Flood of his own Blood,
be Praiſe for evermore.

Additional

Additional Sacramental HYMNS, *by other Hands.*

HYMN XV.

1. OUR holy Mediator Chriſt,
in Time appeared Fleſh,
To reconcile our Souls to God,
in Truth and Righteouſneſs.
2. Our Nature he upon him took,
on which grim Death did paſs;
And to appeaſe his Father's Wrath,
he crucified was.
3. This Power he had to lay Life down,
and take it up again;
The God-head did in him triumph,
Altho' his Fleſh had Pain.
4. And as a Conqueror, took place
at his Father's Right Hand;
The Cherubim of Glory all
about his Throne do ſtand:
5. His Spirit now has Influence
upon the Hearts of thoſe,
(With full divine Authority)
whom he before had choſe.
6. To keep them ſafe they might not fall,
as once they did before;
But in Communion live with him,
and ſerve him evermore.

HYMN XVI.

1. THOU art all Love, my deareſt Lord,
Thou art All Lovely too,

Th

Thy Love I at thy Table taſte,
thy Lovelineſs I view.
2. Thy Divine Beauty, vail'd with Fleſh,
thy Enemies deſpiſe;
Thy mangled Body they diſdain,
And turn from thee their Eyes.
3. But thou more Lovely art to me,
For all that thou haſt born:
Each Cloud ſets off thy Luſtre more,
thee all thy Scars adorn.
4. Thy Garments tinctur'd with thy Blood,
the beſt and nobleſt Die,
Out-ſhine the Robes that Princes wear;
thy Thorns their Gems out-vie.
5. That I may be all Love to thee,
and Lovely like thee too,
O cleanſe me with thy precious Blood,
and me thy Beauty ſhew.
6. My former Vows I now renew:
O Lord, as Thou art mine;
Behold I give my Heart to Thee,
for ever I'll be Thine.

HYMN XVII.

1. HOW many Miracles of Love,
What Myſteries of Grace,
Has th' Ever-bleſſed Jeſus ſhown
to *Adam*'s ſinful Race!
2. That he ſhould humbly condeſcend,
our mortal Fleſh to wear;
Our Sickneſſes, our Sorrows all,
and numerous Sins to bear!

3 Was't

3. Was't not enough, thou Holy ONE,
to lay aside thy Crown,
And, in a Servant's Form, on Earth
to wander up and down?
4. Was't not enough with *Sighs and Tears*,
our Miseries to deplore,
To teach us by thy blameless Life?
but wouldst Thou still do more?
5. Whence is this unexampled Love,
to wretched Human kind?
What to attract thy Heart couldst Thou
in loathsome Sinners find?
6. Yet loaded with our Sins and Pains,
thou through Death's Vale wouldst go,
That we made Innocent and Free,
the Way of Life might know.
7. Worthy art thou, *O Lamb of God*,
among thy Saints to reign,
Who to redeem them by thy Blood,
Wast once an Offering slain.

HYMN XVIII.

1. HERE is a Banquet thou hast made,
a Table of Fat Things,
Replenished it always is,
Food suitable for Kings.
2. The Fare is thine, of thine own Cost,
the Lamb is of thy Fold;
It is the best in all the Flock,
Better to us than Gold.
3. No Spot in him was ever found,
No Blemish, but all pure;

Yet

Yet for us he had many a Wound,
thy Wrath he did endure.
4. He drank a full Draught of thy Cup,
that no Wrath might remain,
That we might drink in *Draughts* of *Love*,
and live to thee again.
5. And ſpend our Days upon the Earth,
in Joy through thine own Spirit,
Until we come thy Glory great,
in Heaven to inherit.

HYMN XIX.

1. YOU that the Holy JESUS Love,
give Honour to his Name;
The great Atchievements of his Grace,
in thankful Verſe proclaim.
2. Tho' what your higheſt *Thoughts* ſurmounts
can never be expreſt; (
Yet ſomething of it you may tell,
and wonder out the reſt.
3. Remember all his mighty Deeds,
his Sorrows all review;
How he abas'd his Glorious Self,
to bleed and die for you.
4. Remember all the Shame and Scorn,
the Vinegar and Gall,
The gaping Wounds thro' which he pour'd
his Vital Juices all.
5. His Sorrows, as his Virtues, were
innumerable found;
Troubles from *Earth*, from *Heav'n* and *Hell*,
His ſpotleſs Soul ſurround.

6. Cruci-

6. Crucify'd by the worſt of Men,
forſaken by the beſt;
With th' endleſs Number of our Sins,
ſin's mighty weight oppreſs'd.
7. He felt the Curſes of the Law,
his Father's Wrath ſuſtain'd,
Endur'd the cruel ſhock of all
the Powers of Hell unchain'd.
8. But after all victorious prov'd,
in triumph did aſcend;
And now prepares us crowns and *Thrones*,
and Joys that ne're ſhall end.

HYMN XX.

1. HOſannah to King *David*'s ſon,
Hoſannah to the Chriſt,
That in the Father's name doth come,
Hoſannah in the high'ſt;
2. For thou waſt ſlain, and art alive,
Redeeming us to God,
From ev'ry Nation, Kindred, Tongue,
by thy moſt precious Blood.
3. Corruptive Things, as Silver is,
and Gold, redeem'd us not,
But Chriſt, our Saviour's precious blood,
a Lamb without a Spot.
4. To him that ſits upon the Throne,
and Chriſt the Lamb therefore,
Be Glory, Bleſſing, Strength, Renown,
and Honour evermore.

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FINIS.